Big Foot Ball Game, Monday Afternoon, Cardston vs Raymond.

The Raymond Rustler.

VOL. 9 RAYMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, APRIL 14 1911 No. 15

Seventy Bodies Taken Out

Scranton, Pa., April 8.—Up to 9.45 o'clock this morning seventy bodies had been taken out of the ill- fated Pancost Mine a' Throp, where fire yesterday entombed many men. Indications are that many others are yet to be found and the grim tragedy of the colliery will be far more awful than was anticipated. Heading the list of victims is Joseph K. Evans, of West Scranton, who was foreman of the United States Rescue Car which was hurried from its station at Wilkesbarre. He was 35 years old. Dr. J A. Holmes, director of the United States Bureau of mining, paid high tribute to the heroism of Evans who was leading a rescue gang into the smoke laden mine filled with deadly black damp. "There are martyrs in every cause," he said. "Ours has Evans for its first."

CONGRATULATIONS.

At the residences of Bp. J. F. Anderson, Mr. Dave Galbraith and Miss Stella Van Wagoner were united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony. The couple attended the party at the Oddfellows Hall and went home with out being disturbed' We wish them all the Happiness that this life affords.

Mr. and Mrs, Earl H. Scovil returned from Salt Lake City, Utah, on Monday night's train. Mr. and Mrs. Scovil left for Utah several weeks ago, where they were married, and have been spending their Honeymoon. The Rustler joins with the many friends of the happy couple in wishing them a long and happy life.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harker, returned from Salt Lake City, Utah, where they were recently married, on Wednesday evening. The Rustler joins with the friends in wishing them a prosperous and happy journey through life.

Local and General News Items

To day is Good Friday.

An inch of "the beautiful" fell Tuesday night.

Hot Cross Buns will be served, at the Dance tonight.

BORN:—On Saturday April 8th to the wife of John Anderson Jr. a son.

Pres. Bramwell of the Knight Academy returned from Salt Lake City, Utah, Tuesday night.

Remember the M. I. A. Dance tonight.

A Carload of barb wire just in King Bros. You should make a point of seeing King Bros. hats before buying for Easter.

How do you like our new dress? Our old one became so shabby and "patched up" that we thought it best to invest in a new one.

(continued on page 8)

BIG BASEBA'L MEETING

The Annual meeting of the Raymond Base Ball Association was held at the Oddfellows Hall, Saturday evening last commencing at 8.30 o'clcok. As the Captain of the Team was the highest in authority, the chair was occupied by him. The financial report for the year 1910 was read by Sec-Treas, R. A. Gillies, after discussing for a few minutes was accepted by a unamimous vote. The report showed that all bills were paid for the year 1910 and also some that had been left over from the year 1909. The Association now has a clean sheet to start the years work. The officers of the past year were released with a hearty vote of thanks for their labors during the previous year. The following officers were elected for 1910; Mayor B. S. Young, Honorary President; T. J. O'Brien President; Dr. J. S. Wray Vise President; Mr. D. G, Selman, Sec-Treas.; Dr. J Elmer Amos, Manager; and Mr. Ray Powell Captain.

The subject of joining the Base Ball League with Cardston, Magrath, Lethbridge, Taber and Macleod was discussed thoroughly and a delegate was named to the meeting held at Lethbridge on Monday last. The spirit of the meeting was, that if the League was to consist of Amateur players, Raymond would do all in her power to keep the Ball rolling, but could not cope with a Semi-Professional Base Ball League.

Big Foot Ball Game

Monday afternoon at 1 30 a big Foot Ball game will start at Victoria Park between Cardston and Raymond. The Cardston boys will be here with a special train and will no doubt bring a large number of rooters. Come out all you sports and assist the town boys in keeping up the record. If you can't play, come out and root.

Why make "Fish of one and Flesh of another?"

Raymond, Alta., April 13th

Dear Mr. Editor,

Will you kindly inform me as to why the Town Fathers have allowed the Security Investment Company to build a frame addition in the Fire limits when many other townspeople have been unable to do so.

I understand that the council gave their consent on condition that the Company would remove the out building on the lot, but this is not sufficient as the company could have been ordered to remove these buildings for the reason that they are a nuisance to the town. Why make "Fish of one, and flesh of another."

A Rate Payer.

Mr. Ratepayer:-

All the information I can give on this subject is to be found in the Council Meeting notes.

The Editor.

Of Interest to Stock Men

Experimental work on the value of chemically balanced rations of cattle, derived from wheat, or corn and a mixture of the three, which has been in progress for the past three years, is opening an interesting field of study in feeds and feeding, according to the annual report of Dean H. L. Russel of the University of Wisconsin Agricultural Experimental Station.

The physical condition of differgroups of animals reared from calfhood on a ration balanced according to the regular set chemical standards, has varied widely.

Cattle fed on the produce of wheat alone, had low vitality, low milk production and weak, undersized calves. Those fed on corn and, its products have continued thrifty and have given large, strong calves. Those fed on oats are more like the corn fed animals and those fed on equal parts of corn, wheat an oats, were of low vitality like the wheat-fed animals.

The causes of these these different effects of feed have not yet been discovered, but these experiments indicate that there is a value of one ration over another irrespective of the balance and supply of energy, as shown by the chemical analysis.

Although the above extract refers only to cattle feeding, experienced Alberta feeders long ago discovered the result of feeding wheat largely to brood mares and sows was attended with the same results as when fed to cows. The work now being done under the direction of Dean Russel is doing much to show the fallacy of relying almost entirely on chemical analysis when determiug the value of stock food, and it tends to prove the truth of the saying that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.

Very Succesful Entertainment

A very Successful sale of work and Social was held at the Oddfellows Hall on Friday evening last, under the auspices of the Laidies Aid Society Presbyterian Church The general and fancy work Stall was ladies with goods and almost every thing was sold. The Candy Stall proved a great attraction and was cleaned out. The programme consisted of a Piano forte Solo by Mr Smith of the Bank of Montreal. Solo by Mr. Alvin Amos. Selection on the Guitar by Mr, R. A. Gillies. We had a special treat in having Mr. W. T. Collett of Calgary with us, he has a magnificent voice and gave us the following three songs. Sing Me to Sleep, The Rosary, The Holy City. Refreshments were provided by the ladies and Ice Cream was served during the evening. The Sale resulted in $50 towards the funds of the Society. The Rev. William Shearer closed toe Sale with the singing of the National Anthem and benediction

Mr. J. Dunn purchased the Bowling Alleys from Mr. Norton and in the near future will open at the Arcade duilding.

Sunday is Easter. Watch for the latest in Spring Hats.

TOWN GOUNGIL MEETING

The regular meeting of the Town Council was held at the office of the Sec-Treasurer on Thursday evening April 6th, 1911, with Mayor B. S. Young occupying the chair and Coussillors Fox, Hawkins, Rolfson and McDuffee present. The minutes of the former meeting were read and approved

The subject of the keeping of the town team was thoroughly discussed. It was moved by Coun. McDuffee and seconded by Coun. Rolson that the team be kept until the ditch repairing and cleaning be completed.

Reading of the applications for town teamster were read. It was moved by Coun. Hawkins and seconded by Coun. McDuffee that all applications for the driving of the team to be referred to the Works and Property Commitee giving them power to act.

The petition of Roy H. Brewerton for the changing of the hours of the Bowling Alley By-law also for a change in the license. The hour of closing was changed from 9 p. m. to 10 p. m.

A petition from the Security Investment Co., was read asking for permission to erect an addition at the back of the Arcade building which was granted if the company would remove the buildings in rear of lot and fence same.

The By-law on licenses was amended. Restuarant license was fixed at $15, Ice Cream License at $15 as was the Liquid Refresments license.

Mayor Young and two Counsilors were appointed to act as a committee to look into the matter of pur chasing a safe.

By motion of Coun. Fox and second by Coun. Hawkins, Mr. R. E. McArthur was hired for the final inspection of the Water Works System.

It was moved by Councillor Fox, and seconded by Coun. McDuffee that the Fire, Water and Light Committee, purchase a new Windmill pump and place at the Tank at the entrance to the park in condition for getting water. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Rolfson and seconded by Coun. Hawkins that the Health Officer, J. S. Wray be accepted. Carried.

An assesment committee was formed consisting of Councilors, Fox and McDuffee with the Mayor and Sec-Treasurer for assessing town property.

Solicitor Laurie was asked for an opinion as to what action the Town could take against the dumping of garbage within the city limits, and also as to the disposal of dead animals at the nuisance ground. He reported that we could fine anyone for dumping said garbage within town limits and could force burial of dead animals at nuisance ground under a penalty of a fine not exceeding $50

Lemonade and Easter Eggs will be served at the dance tonight.

Church Organized at Dayton

On Sunday April 9 th. a Dedicatin Service was held at the Presbyterian Church at New Dayton. A very large congregation attending, friends coming from Raymond, Stirling and surrounding neighborhood. Mr. Mckay officiated at the Organ giving as a prelude "O Rest in the Lord." The Rev. Wm. Shearer opened thd Service with the Singing of the Doxology by the whole Congregation. Special Hymns were Sung. A duet was beautifully rendered by Mr. McKay and Mr. Maynard followed by the Dedication. Mr. Alvin Amos of Raymond Sang a Solo "The Golden City." The nevt chosen for the Sermon was from 1 Kings 5 ch 17 Verse, and they brought great Stones Costly Stones and heavy Stones to lay the foundation of the house. The Rev' Wm. Shearen spoke of the importance of the foundation whether refering to the or to character, though unseen by mortal eyes was the most important part of the building up of the church. The whole Service was most impressive and long be remembered by all who attended.

The conregation were asked to give liberally [illegible] with the result that $50 was collected towards the building fund. The Church is well built, comfortable and commodions, the furnace is to be installed shortly. The whole building is a great credit to the town of New Dayton.

BASE BALL LEAGUE SURE

A Southern Alberta baseball league is assured. Delegates from Taber, Magrath, Raymond and Lethbridge convened last evening in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. and come the conclusion that a league split into two divisions was best proposition put forward. The Southern towns Magrath, Raymond Cardston and Lethbridge will make up one half and Tader, Pincher Creek and Macleod the other half. The Southern section is a fixture but the Northern is not as nothing definite has been heard from Macleod and Pincher Creek. Lethbridge will have a team in both leagues.—Lethbridge Herald.

Terrible Catastrophe

Birmingham, April 8. Two hundred state convicts are reported to have been killed in an explosion in the Banner mines at Littleton, thirty miles from here. The rumor is unconfirmed.

The Banner mines are in western part of Jefferson country. They are owned by Oxpritt Coal Company, with offiices here. The convicts, hired from the various countries throughout the state, are employed in the mines. Early advise from the scene are meagre. The explosion occurred at six forty, and a large number are known to have been killed, Over two hundred men were in the workings at the time.

Twenty men have come out of the mines alive. It is believed that the majority of the remainer are under ground. It is not known whether the explosion was caused by gas or dust.

Gentlemen of Raymond.

We are the store for hats and shoes.

Agents for Geo. A. Slaters and Mc Pherson Shoes and John B. Stetson's and Redmond's Hats.

King Bros.

The Scarlet Feather

By HOUGHTON TOWNLEY

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CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

Dora Decides

Dora sat for a few moments with her elbows resting on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazing thoughtfully out of the window, watching the sparrows on the path outside.

"Can she ever forgive him?" she asked after a pause.

"Well, the sermon was certainly pretty rough, especially after things had been all smoothed out. But father is a demon for doing nasty things when he thinks they've got to be done. You don't suppose he's less fond of mother than before, do you?"

"No; but, you see, a woman feels differently about these things—things of conscience, I mean. Your mother probably thinks he despises her, and a proud woman can never stand that."

"But he doesn't. It was himself that he was troubled about, to think that he had strayed from the strict path of duty to such an extent as to allow me—his son—to be blamed for that—— Well, it's all wrong, anyway, and mother's got to come home."

"How are we to set about it, Dick?"

"Dora, you'll have to go and fetch her. I've thought it all out."

"I? How can I? That wouldn't do at all, Dick. Don't you see that she would resent it—the advance coming from me, because I was one of those most concerned and affected by her sin; and, being a woman, more likely to be hard upon her than anyone else."

"You mean that you nearly married Ormsby because she led you to think that I wasn't worth a tinker's damn. Well, perhaps I wasn't—before the war. But I learned things out there. I had to pull myself together, and endure and go through such privation that a whole life on fifteen dollars a week would be a luxury in comparison. I'd go to mother at once, if I were strong enough, but I'm not. So, what do you suggest, little girl?"

"I think we ought to sound your father on the matter first. He is difficult to approach. He has a trick of making you feel that he prefers to bear his sorrow alone; but I think it can be managed, if we use a little harmless deception."

"How?"

"Well, first of all, it wouldn't be a bad idea to get Jane to turn your mother's room out, and clean it as if getting ready for the return of the mistress of the house."

"I see," cried Dick, with a spasmodic tightening of the right hand which rested on Dora's shoulder. "Give father the impression that she's coming back, just to see how he takes it."

"Yes."

"Good! Set about it today."

"I'll find Jane at once. And, now, I've been here with you quite a long time, and there are many things for me to attend to [illegible]."

"No, not yet," he pleaded, with an invalid's sigh, a very mechanical one; but he had found it effectual in reaching Dora's heart on previous occasions. It was efficacious today. Her heart was full to bursting with joy and love and—the spring. Dick again raised the delicate question of the date of their marriage, and Dora no longer procrastinated. It should take place as soon as ever the rector and his wife were reconciled.

* * *

John Swinton, who was just beginning to move about the house, white-faced and shaky, with a lustreless eye and snow-white beard, was awakened from his torpor by a tremendous bustling up and down stairs. Furniture strewed the landing outside his wife's room, and it was evident that something was going on.

"What is happening?" he asked on one occasion, when he found the road to the staircase absolutely barred.

"The mistress's room is being prepared for her return," replied Jane, to whom the query was addressed.

He started as though some one had struck him on the breast.

"Coming home!" he gasped, staring at the woman with dropped jaws and wondering eyes.

"Miss Dora's orders, sir. She said the room might be wanted any day now, and it must be cleaned."

"Coming home," murmured the rector, as he steadied himself with the aid of the banister, "coming home! Coming home!" There was a different inflection in his voice each time he repeated the phrase. Tenderness crept into the words, and tears streamed down his cheeks, as he passed slowly into his study. "Coming home! Mary coming home!"

Dick and Dora were rather alarmed at the result of their plot. They dreaded the effect of possible disappointment; but they had learned what they wanted to know—that was the main point. The rector was inconsolable without his wife. Her return was the only thing that could dispel the torpor which rendered him indifferent to daily concerns.

Netty was called into counsel to decide what was to be done. Her simple settlement of the difficulty was very welcome.

"I shall just write and tell mother what you've done. Then she can act as she pleases; but I expect she'll be very angry."

CHAPTER XXXII

Home Again

Netty's letter to her mother was characteristic:

"My Dear Mother—I do wish you would come home. It's positively hateful here without you. Dora Dundas goes tomorrow, thank goodness, and, of course, Dick is in the dumps. She has managed the house as though it were her own, and I, for one, shall be heartily glad to see the back of her.

"I am very miserable for many reasons. Since that wretched business about the checks, Mrs. Bent has been so different, and so has Harry. He is always at the Ocklebournes', and you know what Nelly Ocklebourne is. The way she behaves is disgraceful. Harry was always particularly friendly in that quarter, and it is absurd of them to talk about the friendship of a lifetime as an excuse for a quite disgraceful familiarity. Wherever he goes, Nell is certain to turn up, too. It is quite marked.

"We all want you to come home, father included. Dora and Dick had your room turned out yesterday, and when father saw the muddle he asked why. Then they told him your room was being got ready for your return. He seemed overjoyed and quite overcome, and for the first time since his illness he looks something like his old self. He is studying the time-tables and the clocks all day, expecting you at any minute, so you need not be afraid the excitement will be too much for him."

Mrs. Swinton read no more than this. A sudden wild happiness seized her. She pressed the letter to her lips, and sobbed with relief. All the pent-up misery of the last few weeks were washed away in tears; the barriers of pride were broken down; she was as humble and contrite as a little child. She startled her maid by an unusual morning activity, and consulted the time-tables quite as eagerly as John. He wanted her; that was enough. She cared nothing now for the censorious tongues. Her gentle, sweet-spirited husband awaited her return. All else melted away into insignificance. He was a beacon in the darkness, a very mountain of light on the horizon. He was calling her—this hero of school-girl days, this lover of her runaway marriage.

The eleven o'clock express found her, accompanied by her faithful and astonished maid, being carried toward New York. On the way, she sent a telegram announcing her return. In the momentous message there was no shirking the main issue. It was to John himself:

"Shall be home tomorrow. Wife."

The rector was hourly growing uneasy, when he found that neither Dora nor Dick could give him any definite news concerning his wife's return; but when her telegram was placed in his trembling hand he was unable to open it. He passed it dumbly to Dick in piteous helplessness, who, after a hasty glance at the message, read it aloud cheerily, and with a splendid affectation of inconsequence, as though his mother's return was a matter of course, and not an occasion for wonderment.

Then, at last, the rector's tongue was let loose. He talked incessantly on trivialities, and fussed about the house, vainly imagining that no one noticed his delight and excitement. He visited his wife's room, and ordered every conceivable comfort that his agitated mind could suggest. Everything was to be arranged exactly as it had been before Mrs. Swinton went away, so that she could see no difference. The home had really undergone little change, yet the rector was not satisfied until every vase and cushion, plant and book was as he remembered it.

Dick and Dora were in high glee at the success of the ruse, while Netty took to herself the sole credit of the idea. Dora went home from the rectory in the best of spirits. The colonel had fretted and fumed at her prolonged absence, for he missed her sorely, and was very glad of her return.

There came a sound of wheels on the rectory drive. Dick hurried upstairs, and the servants were nowhere to be seen. Everybody understood that the meeting between husband and wife was a thing too sacred for other eyes, and all disappeared as if by mutual consent. The rector's heart almost failed him as he stepped toward the carriage. He was bareheaded, and his face was wan and thin in the strong light. When his eyes fell upon the beautiful woman, his expression changed. It was he who was strong now, the wife who faltered. As his fingers closed upon hers, she broke down, and with a helpless sob dropped into his arms.

On The Verge Of A Breakdown

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Hope for Weakened Nervous People

This warning will be read by thousands of people who only just succeed in getting through the day's work without a breakdown. If you feel always tired out, have but little appetite, and a poor digestion, cannot sleep well, suffer from headaches, backaches and nervousness, it may mean that you are on the verge of a serious breakdown.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure weak, nervous, troubled men and women because of their direct action on the blood. Every dose of these Pills helps to make new, rich blood, which tones the vital organs, strengthens the nerves and brings renewed health and strength. Mr. Geo. Johnson, of Lequille, N.S., suffered for some years as a result of overwork and strain, but found no help for his condition until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Johnson says:—"While working on a railway handling heavy ties I hurt my back and had to give up work. Later I was able to do light work, but for about six years I suffered from dreadful pains in the back and down my legs. This condition became aggravated by indigestion and chronic constipation, and my life was one of constant misery. During those years I was treated by different doctors, but did not get any help. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and proved his faith in them by presenting me with a box. It was more to please him than from any belief that they would be of service to me that I began taking the Pills. Before the box was finished, however, they seemed to be helping me; the pains in my back and legs grew less intense and the bloating in my stomach, caused by the indigestion, disappeared. I continued taking the Pills until I had used over a dozen boxes, when I found myself fully restored to my former health. I am now able to do heavy farm work, and for the past year have not lost a day, nor had the least symptom of my former troubles, and I attribute it entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

He held her to his breast for a full minute. Then at last, when she was able to hold him at arm's length, and look with anxious eyes into his stricken, careworn face, she read there the story of his sorrow and anguish. It was now her turn to lavish tenderness.

"Oh, my poor John, my poor John!" she cried, as together they passed into the porch, leaving the cabman looking after them, wondering where his fare was coming from. Then Rudd appeared—from nowhere—and slipped the fare into the man's hand. Rudd had caught the excitement of the household, and his face was beaming.

"Was that mother?" cried Dick from an upper window, in a loud whisper.

"Yes, sir, it's herself right enough."

Dick nodded and disappeared. He was impatient enough to go down, but held himself in check, leaving his father and mother to enjoy uninterrupted communion.

It was a long time before Mary's musical voice was heard at the foot of the stairs, asking, "Where's Dick?"

"I'm here, mother, and as lively as a cricket."

This was not strictly correct, for he came downstairs very gingerly, and obviously relied on the banisters for support. He gave his mother a hearty hug, and in reply to her questions concerning the whereabouts of Netty, explained that the daughter of the house had gone out in a state of agitation and tears, not stating her destination.

By a curious coincidence, the first visitor to arrive at the house after the return of Mrs. Swinton was one of Dick's unpaid creditors, the very man who had threatened to have him arrested on the eve of his departure for the war. A small balance of the debt still remained unliquidated. But the mother was quite equal to the occasion. She laughed gaily, like her old self, and went to the study, check-book in hand, to wipe out the last of the blots on the old life, with an easy conscience, knowing that the balance at the bank would never more be an uncertain quantity.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Scarlet Feather

Netty entered the room presently, and greeted her mother with a warmth of emotion beyond the usual. Dick took advantage of her coming to excuse himself for a little while. He had promised Dora immediate information concerning his mother's coming, and he was now all eagerness to tell her of the new happiness in his home. He had telephoned for a hansom, and the drive through the Park to the colonel's was quickly accomplished. [illegible] the girl he loved was a sharer in his joy over the reunion of father and mother.

After a time there came a lapse into silence, when the first subject had been gone over with fond thoroughness. It was broken by Dora:

"Do you know, Dick," she remarked, "that I shall be hard put to live up to you? You are such a hero!"

"Pooh! Nonsense!" the lover exclaimed, in much confusion.

But Dora shook her head solemnly.

"It is a fact," she declared, "and all the world knows it. If I didn't love you to distraction I could never endure the way in which father raves about you. And he says your brother officers are to give a dinner in your honor, and——"

"Good heavens!" Dick muttered in consternation.

"——and they are going to club on a silver service for a wedding present. Isn't that lovely?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," Dick conceded. "But just think—if they should expect me to make a speech at the dinner! Good Lord!"

Dora opened her clear, gray eyes wide.

"Why, Dick," she remonstrated. "You don't mean to tell me that you would show the white feather, just at the idea of making some response to a toast in your honor?"

"I never made a speech in my life," the lover answered, shamefacedly; "and I am frightened nearly out of my wits at the bare idea of being called on. . . . But you spoke of the white feather, dearest. I never told you that my miserable enemy, Ormsby, sent me one."

"What? He dared?" Dora sat erect, and her eyes flashed in a sudden wrath. "Tell me about it, Dick."

The story was soon related, and the girl's indignation against his whilom rival filled him with delight.

"The odd thing about it all was," he went on, "that I carried that white feather with me. I had a feeling, somehow, that it would act as a talisman. And perhaps it did. One thing I know for a certainty. While my memory of the white feather lasted, I could never be a coward of the sort that Ormsby meant."

"Oh, Dick," Dora cried, "have you the feather still?"

"Yes, indeed," was the smiling answer. "You see, I got into the habit of keeping it by me."

"But you haven't it with you now?" The girl's eyes were very wistful. To her imagination, there was a potent charm in this lying symbol, which had been the companion of the man whom she adored.

"Oh, yes, I have it," Dick replied, carelessly. He reached a hand into an inner pocket of his waistcoat and brought forth the feather, which he held out to the girl.

She accepted it reverently, but an expression of dissatisfaction showed on her face.

"It—it isn't exactly a white feather now," she suggested. "It is really quite shockingly dirty. But I shall have it cleaned, and then set in a case or a frame of gold, decorated with——"

Dick interrupted, somewhat indignantly.

"You can't expect a man living for months in the way I did to keep a white feather immaculate. And, anyhow, it is not so very dirty. Besides, I couldn't help the blood—could I?"

"The blood!" Dora exclaimed, startled, and her face whitened. "What blood, Dick?"

"Mine. You see, it lay right alongside the place where that bullet scraped my side."

"Your blood!" The girl's face was wonderfully alight. "And I said that I would have it cleaned. Why, the idea seems sacrilege! No, this feather shall never be cleaned from those precious stains, sweetheart. The white feather—and now it is scarlet with the blood of my hero. Ah, this scarlet feather shall be set in purest gold, and bordered with jewels. It shall be a shrine for my worship, Dick. And——"

The lover, who had taken her into his arms, bent his head suddenly, and kissed her to silence.

The End.

SPORTING COMMENT

By the Sporting Editor of a Well-known Western Newspaper

ISN'T it wonderful how much some of the news writers know about natural history—a corollary to the sports proposition and therefore, I'm let in for a chance to tell you about this juicy item. I clipped it from our bright and newsy—if not always accurate—contemporary, the Telegram; read it:

"That a fox is roaming about the vicinity of Union and Martin avenues, Elmwood, is the belief of citizens living about there. It is an ordinary fox, black, with a big bushy tail. It is very dangerous, as it has jumped at one or two ladies. A large gang of men and boys were out last night on the hunt with weapons of all kinds, and dogs. It has a chain hanging to its neck."

That is going some on fox lore, I bet you. These ordinary black foxes are so highly prized that a good black fox skin is worth all of a thousand dollars, and yet here is one of the original packages roaming around Elmwood quite promiscuous, as you can see by the news item.

Dangerous to mankind, too, this ordinary black fox! Jumps at ladies who are passing on their way with no vile ambition to wear his skin around their necks, even, and this ordinary black fox jumps at them and they yell and run, no doubt. Foxes—even ordinary foxes—have been known to run for miles to keep away from human beings, and even the books of those notorious nature fakers—according to T. Roosevelt—Messrs. Long and Thompson-Seton, have no records of **a fox that has taken human life**; I doubt, indeed, if there are any stories in literature from Mother Goose to the Rubiayat, of a man-eating fox—even among the ordinary species.

Another ordinary thing about this ordinary fox is that he has a chain about his neck. Probably he is one of a community of foxes who have adopted the wearing of neck chains as a badge of ordinariness—just to show that they are the regular thing in foxes, you know. One might think that this chain about the neck of the Elmwood fox would lead to trouble, or capture, or some other extraordinary thing, but no doubt it will end in a very ordinary way—by some astute person finding that a black dog has broken his chain and is making the most of his unwonted freedom by lying in unholy wait for passersby and jumping out at them, perhaps for no other reason than because he is playful and hungry and wants somebody to take him home and fasten him up and feed him.

Maybe it shows an unholy suspicious nature to size up this blood-curdling fox story from Elmwood in such a manner but I fear that I have no poetry in my soul for such things to take hold upon. When I chanced to have the buying of school books for five hundred children to do, I had the **beggarly curiosity to read the books** and one day I came across a touching story of how a mother toad kept her baby toads in a nest in the garden, carefully covering them with the bedclothes while she went out to rustle grub for them. Carelessly enough, I had grabbed a chunk of toad instruction before that and it taught me that little toads are hatched out in the water where their none too careful mothers have laid their eggs; that when the little beggers are about as big as one of our five-cent pieces, they leave the water—having graduated from the tadpole class—and hop into the grass. If it chances that a wide, bare strip lies between the water and shade, and the sun is shining, hundreds of the little pilgrims crumple up and die. Generally, the toad exodus from their birthplace is pulled off in the rain so that this drying up process will be staved off for a time, anyway, and that's where the idea that toads rain down in heavy showers, comes from. Mother toads! Why, dern their spotted hides! They're sitting under a leaf in the shade waiting for a fly or a bug to come their way and then, flash! out goes a streak of tongue and fly or bug is caught and swallowed in half a breath.

So the news writers are not the only persons who haven't hewed to the line on nature study; there are others.

* * *

SO Mr. Gotch has decided to take one more whack at wrestling if he is needed to make the white man's hope—in the U. S.—good. Uh, **huh! fine line of dope he threw into the newspapers about his sacred promise** to his promised wife, eh? Caught 'em going and coming, that did: made the girl think she was the real thing to keep a husband in line, and gave the dear to understand that little Frankie was no rough, rude cuss but an easy-going tractable beggar who is ready to get right down on his knees to his dear little wife, and do just as she says, from getting in early o' nights to washing the supper dishes—and making the breakfast, of course. It's a bluff we all put up beforehand, and maybe some of us think we'll do half what we promise, but I fear we I fear we.

It looks as though our friend Gotch backed up before most of us do, but I don't think that is the why of it. It is only natural for a man to stop running when he has caught the car, or to keep on chasing until he drops, if he really thinks he must have that one car and no other. But it is just as natural for a woman to decide that the thing she wanted until she thought **she'd die without it was not so much, after all, and that's what Mrs. Gotch-to-be did when she thought little Frankie might balk and go out and wrestle with some horrid Turk or Russian, or Galician maybe even an Englishman or a Scotchman—she set her foot right down, and said he shouldn't—should not' do you hear? And little Frankie heard, and said he wouldn't think of such a thing if his little tootsey—probably the lady weighs about ninety-seven pounds—offered the least objection.**

And the lady having laid down the law it was up to Francis—being trained to the profession—to abide by it, and give bonds to keep his contract. Just as soon as he did this, though, he was absolved from doing anything at all, except what he chose to do. Finding that she could have her own way by promise, at least, the lady in the case decided it was not really worth having, anyway, and told her obedient husband to do just as he pleased and that would please her best. No doubt, the slave prostrated himself at her feet and begged her not to remove the yoke from his neck and all that sort of stuff you know. Bowed down that way, Frankie could keep his grin from **showing behind his ear, and so the new deal was handed out, and Mr. Gotch was able to announce to the world that when Mr. Hackenschmidt gets enough mony scraped together—and some sand in his pile, too—he—Gotch—will take him—Hackenschmidt—on for another bout—and the money—and will uphold the honor of the Anglo-Saxon against the Slav, or Tartar or whatever brand of Russian blood Hack. affects—supposing it is any kind at all.**

Yes, yes, the lady got a mechanic's lien on the gate and chattel mortgage on the side bet, and she is content, for opulence has obedience beaten seven laps and the mile on a T. M. C. A. indoor track, when it comes to cashing in at the milliner's or dress-maker's, a fact which the future Mrs. Gotch knows and appreciates, you betyuh. Yes, and then there was all of the publicity—newspaper talk, before, at the time and afterward. Bully good stuff, you know, and not a cent to pay for it.. Pretty smart youth, little Frankie, what?

* * *

WELL, that baseball lineup didn't try out an awful lot of good fat, eh? About as much as we could expect, in reason, but not enough to start a rendering plant for turning out baseball leagues by the tub, I reckon. Still, we needn't be discouraged. It always takes a bit of fire and smoke to heat things up properly, and if we don't get one sort of a league we may get another. Frankly speaking, I don't see any very brilliant prospects for a good league with Winnipeg in it, this year, but we may have some sort of a league, and the main thing in baseball for us is to keep in the game, have a league as well balanced as we can make it, and wait for the country to grow to real baseball size. That won't be very long, you know, and when we get a few more cities like Saskatoon, Brandon and Moose Jaw within reaching distance, we shall have baseball with so much gilt edge on it that those people south of the line will think that we have made a contract with the aurora-borealis people that runs night and day.

But until that happy day comes, we shall have to get along as well as we can with what we can get. There are towns enough in our own west to make up a league but we have tried them out and they don't stand the acid test for gold. As a matter of fact, no sane man ought to expect such places as Regina and Medicine Hat to support baseball teams. There's a long bit of difference between the two places in many ways, of course, and Regina has it on Medicine Hat about seven to one in [illegible] the prospector who thinks he has struck good baseball color in Regina ought to see an oculist for his eyes and an alienist for his mental apparatus—it just is not there. As for Medicine Hat, anybody who can see a derned thing in the place except a few dismal, dank, dirty gas lamps burning day and night, can see more things than there are between heaven and earth. As for making good on a ball team, the town did its derndest—and mighty well, too—when it beat the league out year before last. Medicine Hat shot its bolt then and there, and that let them out good and plenty. The deal they handed to Saskatoon shows how the business was run and it takes good business management to run baseball in these days of players educated all the ways and wiles of of baseball and managers who are up to snuff and some ahead of it, too. More than that those far western places were all in bad on tricks that are sure to put baseball in bad if they're followed up. Calgary and Edmonton got into a nasty mixup over the championship games at the latter end and Lethbridge had several whacks at the shady side of baseball—all of which hurts a league and the game, and should not be allowed. The plain fact is, that our league was started wrong last year and was run wrong in about every way it could be, and rather than have such a league as that, we'd best have none at all.

But suppose we should go west as far as Moose Jaw—a live place and growing fast—east to Port Arthur and Fort William and south to Duluth; we might make up a league that would pan out fairly well. There are some details to be filled in that plan. It is a long trip from Port Arthur to Moose Jaw, and another long trip from Duluth to Moose Jaw—the same distance both ways. There ought to be two or three clubs in from the States part of such a league and good points are hard to pick up after Duluth has been counted. Fort William and Port Arthur are just about big enough together to support a team and the beggars are so jealous of one another that they sit up nights to frame up gibes that will bite properly into the other fellow. These are some of the weak points of a league in eastern western Canada. There are strong points, too, and the thing may be threshed out to a better conclusion when the baseball men get together here Bonspiel week. Let us hope so.

The other fellows farther west? Oh, well, if they can come in and stay in and do things up right, we'd rather have a Western Canada league than any other, but there's no sense doing as we did last season—slipshod and slide back until half the league falls over the edge and leaves the other half hanging by its fingertips.

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

AN EXPERT TALKS ABOUT SCARF PINS

ORIGINALLY," asid the men's furnishing goods dealer to a newspaper man the other day, "men always wore their scarf pin stuck in the knot of their tie between the ends of the collar up under their chin. I suppose that the original purpose of the pin was to hold the tie together, to secure the knot. When at that time the scarf pin was worn as an ornament it was placed in the knot under the chin because then, as up to within say fifteen or twenty years ago, the tie commonly worn was a string tie tied across in a bow knot in front, and that was the only place to put it. Later, when there came to be commonly worn that style of scarf that filled the V in the waistcoat, the pin was dropped to a new position to hold together the folds of that scarf in front. Hence the pin served a useful purpose and placed as it was now at about the centre of the triangle formed by the V it became more and more appropriately ornamental.

"Then when the narrow, the four-in-hand tie extending down over the shirt bosom came into common use, the pin was maintained in its lower position, half way down the tie, in the middle of the V, because there it could be seen to advantage. Here it may serve to pin the two parts of the tie together and also it breaks the monotony of the length of the tie in the exposed section, thus serving an artistic purpose, but now it is rarely placed there as an ornament. And scarf pins are made in a practically limitless variety of styles, and to be sure there are many that are beautiful. While it is thus now commonly worn half way down the four-in-hand tie, there are various ways of sticking the scarf pin. The most common way is to stick the pin with its whole length concealed in the material of the tie, leaving only the head in view. Then you may see men who can run the pin through the material in and out leaving sections of the pin exposed.

"Some young men have a way of running the point of the pin through only a narrow fold or ridge of the silk and then drawing the pin through for almost its entire length outside. This brings the little section of the silk through which the pin is run up out of sight under the covering head of the pin, giving the pin the appearance of lying unsecured, wholly outside of the tie and frankly as an ornament, may be worn there in various ways, and now there are made, as you doubtless know, stickpin guards that are worn attached to the pin so that it cannot be pulled out."

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE WEDDING FEE

LARGE wedding fees are rare, even in New York, asserts the "Christian Herald." Fees of fifty dollars and one hundred dollars are considered large. The one thousand dollar fee, when it makes its appearance, usually goes to the rector of a wealthy congregation who enjoys a salary of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year.

Larger fees are sometimes given. The man of wealth, actuated by a high regard for his pastor and friend, occasionally gives his cheque for two or three thousand dollars under the guise of a wedding fee. He wishes to help the minister, and knows the money would not be accepted under any other circumstances. Such gifts, it is needless to say, are extremely rare.

New York has a few clergymen whose marriage fees average twelve hundred dollars a year. The pastor of a large Presbyterian church on Broadway has estimated that his fees amount annually to one thousand dollars. These are top notch figures.

The fee received by an American minister for officiating at the wedding of one of his wealthy parishioners in Paris a few years ago is said to have covered the expenses of his four months' tour on the continent. Such fees, however, are beyond the wildest dreams of the average pastor, who may be able to recall one fee of fifty dollars in his entire ministry.

After you have known a clergyman for twenty years perhaps you can induce him to talk freely about his marriage fees—not before. The subject is too complicated, too personal, too disappointing. When you have broken down the barriers of reserve he will tell you some entertaining stories.

A Methodist minister in Baltimore recently married a young man of the Bowery type who asked him at the conclusion of the ceremony in the parsonage how much he "charged." As a hint to the clergyman to keep his fee within reasonable limits, the young man drew from his pocket a half-dollar while speaking.

The minister explained that no charge was made for his services. At this the delighted young husband exclaimed, "Do you hear that, Mag? He don't charge nothin'!" and dropped the half-dollar back into his pocket.

But the pastor had more to say. He told his visitor that the fee depended upon the valuation that he placed on the service rendered. If it was worth nothing to marry the young woman at his side, very good; but if he valued her his fee would give some evidence of it. The bridegroom was impressed. Slowly he produced the half-dollar and laid it in the minister's hand. A one-dollar bill followed. Then he grasped his bride's arm and moved toward the door.

Love is a curious thing: many a girl who likes spring lamb marries a black sheep.

Manners are like headaches: some are natural and some are acquired.

Looking for a needle in a haystack is a needless waste of time.

When an extravagant woman says "Dear me!" her husband is apt to agree with her.

A bad man sometimes delivers the goods.

Things really only come our way when we make up our minds to go af

AS GOOD AS HAVING A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

That is what thousands of mothers say of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets promptly and surely cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood, and what is more they are absolutely safe—they have never been known to harm the youngest baby—they never will harm anyone—they are good for babies of all ages. Concerning them Mrs. Wm. Higgins, Karn, Ont., writes:—"I shall never be without Baby's Own Tablets in the house as long as my children are small. They are a wonderful medicine and are as good as having a doctor in the house. I gave them to my little boy for colic, and they quickly cured him. I am always glad to recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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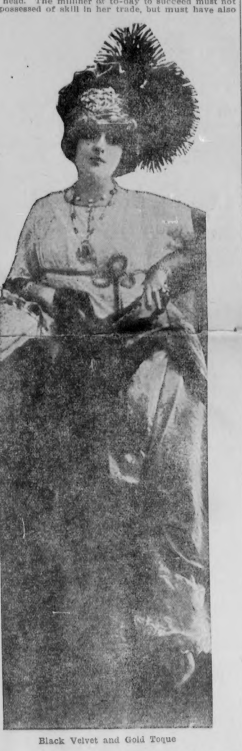
FASHIONS AND FANCIES

ONCE again must the question of millinery be dealt with, and in truth it is a question that can never be entirely put to one side, for a hat means everything to the finish of a costume. Nothing definitely has been decided about the size of the hat. As to whether the huge wide brim shape, a close all enveloping hood turban or the smart toque is the most fashionable, no definite authoritative word has been vouchsafed, and every woman follows her own idea as to which is the most becoming.

With a theatre or restaurant gown the large hat is the more effective. As a rule the lines somehow seem better suited to the low cut waist, giving a more picturesque appearance, especially when there are feathers and aigrettes used as trimming, but the hat must be so shaped that it frames the face. This is not an easy task, either, when fashion demands, as now, that the hat shall be pulled down over the head. The milliner of to-day to succeed must not only be possessed of skill in her trade, but must have also artistic talent. Large hats must not look stiff and hard, the brims must be flexible and at the same time must be so well made that they will not lose their shape. This means careful workmanship, and the high prices asked for the apparently perfectly plain hats are warranted in many instances by the skilled labor required to produce the desired results.



Black Velvet and Gold Toque

So much depends upon the placing of the trimming that here again trained taste and a knowledge of what is becoming to the individual wearer have to be utilized. The aigrettes and feathers of all descriptions are not placed so high, as was the fashion last year, and the trimming is more toward the back than the front of the hat. Many of the largest hats have singularly little trimming, a spray of feathers or a velvet bow or stiff cockade being all that is used, but for an elaborate hat for theatre or restaurant several feathers or aigrettes look better.

There are several different colors fashionable this season in feathers. White with the black hats is very smart; pale grey, king blue, pale yellow, green are one and all in style with the black hat, while there is no end of fancy feathers—black and white or colored and white—the colors most effectively blended and quite unlike any feathers that ever grew. All feathers for this style of hat are soft and floating, most carefully tacked over so there shall be no hard, stiff lines. It seems altogether unfitting that feathers, perfect in themselves, should be manipulated and worked over as is now demanded by fashion, but very few natural ostrich plumes are now seen. The willow feather and a variety of new names designate the made over, up to date feathers.

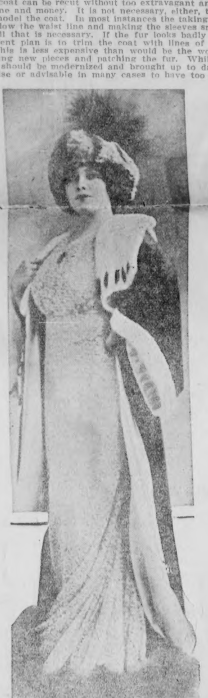
Almost without exception the fashionable hat is worn well down over the head, the head size being made large enough to permit of this; should it prove unbecoming in these circumstances, then a halo or a band can be worn in addition, but only when the hat is terribly unbecoming. Apparently the aim of the present fashion is to cover up as much of the hair as possible, but, as this is singularly trying to the majority of women, something has to be done to mitigate the trouble, and the brim of the hat is rolled up or turned back at one side, far enough to throw out sufficient hair to soften the face more becomingly. The brims of the large hats extend out at the back, but the line they give is not ugly, provided the line at the side be becoming—the side of the turned up brim, that is; the other completely hides the face. A curious thing about these large hats is that they look so much better on some women than on others. Older women will do well to avoid them, for the fashion is best suited to the soft contour and fresh complexion of youth.

There is something most attractive and very smart about the new toques and turbans, especially those designed for evening wear. They are often eccentric in shape as well as in color, while several materials quite incongruous one with the other are so put together as to look as if they had been thrown together rather than most carefully selected, as is the case. The smartest toques are very soft; in the hand they appear shapeless, on the head they follow every line of the head. Brim and crown are the same height but of different materials. A velvet crown encircled with a band of old gold or jewelled passementerie and with a very full aigrette quite far back at the left side is very becoming. Another, with crown of king blue velvet, has around it a band of chinchilla, and also a full aigrette, either white or black. This model is copied in an endless variety of colors and fabrics, and is one of the most deservedly popular of the season.

Conservative minded women are rejoicing in the return to the always becoming and refined style of hat, velvet or beaver felt, of medium size, with brim turned up at the left side, and trimmed with a feather around the crown—one long, beautiful ostrich plume. If height be needed, two or three small ostrich tips arranged like a pompon or an aigrette pompon at the left side of the crown are all that is necessary. Nothing original, it is true, but there is a charm and elegance about such a hat that is easily recognized, and when the color is the same as the costume it is most attractive. Also in black is it a charming model, and made in fine lace or net it is suitable for reception or theatre. Following the trend of fashion, a black velvet hat on this order is often made up with a colored feather, gray or white being the smartest, but the all black wins more approval.

The long fur coat of last season or two or three seasons past that has begun to show signs of wear, as well as to look somewhat old fashioned, can this winter be remodelled to be extremely smart with a cloth, velvet or satin gown.

Work in fur is expensive, but there are many clever people who go out by the day and who thoroughly understand working in fur. With the aid, then, of a good pattern the long coat can be recut without too extravagant an outlay of time and money. It is not necessary, either, to entirely remodel the coat. In most instances the taking in of seams below the waist line and making the sleeves smaller will be all that is necessary. If the fur looks badly worn an excellent plan is to trim the coat with lines of black braid. This is less expensive than would be the work of substituting new pieces and patching the fur. While the garment should be modernized and brought up to date, it is not wise or advisable in many cases to have too much work put on it. Sleeves can be taken in if too full, but do not require to be entirely recut, and, as has been said, the lines of braid are better than too much mending and patching.



Chinchilla and Velvet Toque

* * *

All the latest evening frocks to come from Paris designers have short trains, but they hang, as a rule, from an otherwise narrow skirt, which is likely to be banded at the knee or lower, into a width of a yard and a quarter or a yard and a half, at most. Occasionally a model is seen with a train hanging from an Empire height at the back. It is likely, then, to match the underdress in color, though it may differ from it in weave. For instance, a peach-colored chiffon, velvet or crepe meteore trains may be draped over an underdress of charmeuse or wool satin of a chiffon weight.

* * *

The silk sheath is a factor in every evening gown at present, though it is likely to have a twenty-inch hem, or narrower, of gold or silver cloth, or of filet, beaded almost solidly in white beads. Gold and silver and cut-steel bugle trimming are also seen upon these nets, though they often mingle with spangles or gold thread. Some of the most striking gowns of the year have tunics or upper waist portions, or hip sheaths of solid beads, that simulate the pale cashmere shawl combinations, or the darker Persian draperies.

SOME DOG STORIES

CONSTABLE Haley, of Squire Templeman's court, is a great dog fancier, and besides his knowledge of the different breeds he has at his command an unlimited number of stories illustrative of the intelligence of man's canine friends. The other day Haley was with a friend of his who persisted in regaling him with stories of the antics of a fox terrier he owned. Haley listened in patience for some time, and then could stand it no longer.

"Yes," said he, "your dog is smart, but not nearly as smart as a dog I had once. This dog would persist in going to sleep on a divan that we didn't want him to sleep on, and so to break him of the habit I whipped him every time I found him on the forbidden territory.

"One day I came home and heard a suspicious thump just before I opened the door.

"I went in and felt the couch, and, sure enough, it was warm from the dog's body, and on that circumstantial evidence I whipped him. Not long after that I had occasion again to go out, and when I returned I found that dog blowing on the couch to cool the place on which he had been lying."

Not considering that the man was properly squelched, Haley then told the following with good results:

"I owned a fox terrier puppy one time that I desired to teach cleanliness, so one day when I had given it milk in a saucer and it had spilled some on the floor I boxed the animal's ears and threw it on the floor. Two days in succession this happened, but on the third day when the dog had spilled some milk it slapped its own ear and jumped out the window."

AT THE TURKISH BATH

THEY met, duly sheeted, at the Turkish bath scales, and the thin woman drew back in horror.

"Let's make a compact," she suggested. "Don't you look at the scales while I'm being weighed and I won't look while you're weighed. Because it's pretty certain that I've lost and you've gained."

"All right," said the stout woman with resignation, "but it doesn't really matter, because we'll be sure to tell each other, anyway, while we're at luncheon. Eating together, if you notice, is almost as destructive to feminine secrecy as spending the night together—haven't you told things you'd vowed not to, hundreds and hundreds of times, just as soon as you and the other woman had your back hair down? And even if we don't tell each other to-day the attendants will tell us next time. So let's not look at the scales if you like but let's promise to be honest if we say anything at all."

"All right," agreed the thin woman blinding her eyes, child fashion, while the other stepped to the platform. Then the stout woman conscientiously regarded the ceiling while the thin woman took her turn.

"One hundred and twelve pounds!" proudly proclaimed the thin woman at luncheon.

"One hundred and seventy!" countered the stout woman. The two exchanged keen and dubious glances.

"Honest?" they said in unison.

"Well," admitted the thin woman blushing, "I—I did jiggle the scales a little, because I remembered that my sheet wasn't as big as yours, and I felt that I ought to be allowed something on that account. How about yourself since you're so mighty particular?"

The stout woman colored.

"Well, I—I forgot to have the attendant hold up my hair while I was weighed," she admitted, "and you know wet hair weighs awful heavy. So I—I took off a couple of pounds for that."

USES OF PETTY PRINCES

ONE of the leading French papers has come to the conclusion that petty princes, kinglets, and dukes have their uses.

The Regent of Bavaria, the Grand Dukes of Hesse, Saxony, Baden, etc., exercise about the same powers as French prefects, says the editor, but while our provincial towns are indeed provincial and never will be more provinciel, look at Munich, Weimar, Darmstadt, Dresden, Carlsruhe—veritable gems of cities model towns each of them.

The petty courts attract all the best to be found in the whole country. Professional men, artists, great musicians every kind of genius. The prince or king is obliged to recognize talent and to reward it.—hence his influence is stimulating and the whole country profits by his initiative.

Look at the garrisons in any French town outside of Paris. If you compare them with the garrison in the smallest German capital you will find ours much inferior to the German article, vastly inferior. Here, again, the prince or king acts as a stimulus. He makes officers and men sit up and take notice. The Germans pay their kings seven million dollars per year in salaries, it is true We pay our President only $20,000 per annum, yet, after, all, these German kings are cheaper in comparison than our President, owing to the amount of work they perform and the influence they exercise.

DECORATIONS IN GERMANY

THERE is a bill before the Diet intending to establish the right of Hessians to refuse orders and decorations the Grand Duke may offer them. His Royal Highness has the disposal of half a dozen decorations, all with a number of "classes," to be bestowed on deserving citizens, or on people willing to pay for them.

Some time ago the Grand Duke bestowed one of his minor medals on two school teachers in Mayence. The medals happened to be of a lower order than expected, and the teachers returned the decorations thereby saving themselves the fee that must be paid to the Herald's office.

Ernest Louis took great offence and instructed his Minister of Cult to make the teachers' life a burden to them in every way possible. The Minister, of course, obeyed, and the decorationless teachers were sent from pillar to post and otherwise maltreated. Finally they entrusted their case to a Socialist, who introduced the above bill.

The bill will break up the cordial relations that formerly existed between Ernest and the Socialists, but what his Royal Highness loses in that respect he has gained in another.

All the royalties, Russian, English, and German, that have of late visited Darmstadt declare with one voice that the Grand Duke owns the finest cook outside of France, if not in any part of the world. His name is Perard, and he is of French birth. His poultry and game dishes are said to be "poems," and his chicken breast in jelly, likewise his "pheasant breads" are said to be the finest ever set before mortal man.

"Lobster sandwiches" are another specialty of his, while crab meat sandwiches "drive people mad when they can't get them after once tasting them."

After all, Ernest Louis may bestow his decoration on his cook, if no one else wants them.

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

TOMMY ATKINS AS A CHRISTIAN

IN the Sunday At Home, Mr. Ellis Franklyn writes on Tommy Atkins as a good Christian. He says that there is a real feeling for the highest things in the hearts of many of our soldiers. In India it is now a frequent practice for soldiers to go about with missionaries. "Not long ago a band of cavalry and artillery men themselves conducted a mission in an Indian village, with the very best results. The village priest was converted." The old traditions of religious persecution in the army are pretty well forgotten. The writer states also that the protective knowledge necessary is conveyed to the men by religious agency. "If a soldier commits sins of the body, he does so with his eyes open as to the possible consequences. Every young recruit is informed of the body's meaning and of his responsibility to his Creator."

GERMAN UNCROWNED QUEENS

MRS. KRUPP, Mrs. Stumm and Mrs Simon are the three un-crowned queens of Germany, each exercising the tremendous influence by the wealth and industry they command.

The greatest influence is probably wielded by Frau Simon, owner of the Frankfurter Zeitung and the Koenigsburg Allgemeine Zeitung. She does not actually manage these great newspaper properties, but her influence is paramount in every department, and without her knowledge and consent no opinion of any consequence may be expressed by the editors.

Frau Simon is a democrat at heart, and the Frankfurter Zeitung is the leading democratic newspaper of the country. She is married, but her husband hasn't a word to say. To keep him busy, she bought him a racing stable, and there all his interests centre.

Mrs. Krupp is the widow of the late cannon king, and the mother of Bertha Krupp. Mrs. Stumm is the widow of Baron Stumm, who was the German Carnegie. Both these women employ big armies of workmen, and their immense fortunes guarantee them great influence in the life of the nation, hence their designation of uncrowned queens.

THE "CHAP WITH THE SWORD"

THE custodian of the quaint old institution known as St. Mary's Hospital, Chichester, England which has been visited by many royalties, is an old soldier, who, among his treasures, gives a prominent place upon the wall to a picture of Lieut.-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell. The general is depicted mounted on a fiery steed waving a huge sword over his head as he leads his men to battle.

A visitor who was recently shown over the hospital was taken afterwards into the custodian's lodge, and, while examining picture postcards, was struck by the warlike picture.

"Who's that ugly chap with the sword?" he inquired.

It was "R. S. S. Baden-Powell."

The custodian explained that it was the great "Baden-Powell," and added that that celebrity would not feel flattered to hear such a description of himself.

When the visitor had gone, the custodian went to look at his signature in the visitors' book.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs • 25 cents

Try Zam-Buk For Piles

Read How This Sufferer Benefited!

Don't you believe that experience is better than hearsay? If you suffer from piles, just try Zam-Buk. You can do so at our expense. So assured are we of the result that we will send you a free trial box if you send to our Toronto offices full name and address and a one cent stamp to pay return postage.

Scores of people daily acquaint us with the benefit they have derived from the use of Zam-Buk. Mr. F. Astridge, of 3 St. Paul St., St. Catharines Ont., says: "For five years I have suffered untold agony with protruding piles. The pain was so great at times I would almost scream.

"I lost weight and had no appetite I tried everything I ever heard of for piles, as I was willing to take anything to get relief. It was useless, however and I almost gave up in despair.

One day a friend gave me a sample of Zam-Buk, and told me of a friend of his who had been cured. I decided to try Zam-Buk, and the relief I got was encouraging. I used three boxes and at the end of that time I was completely cured. I wish I could have got Zam-Buk years ago; it would have saved me a great deal of misery."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands frost bite, ulcers, blood-poison, varicose sores, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk," on every package.

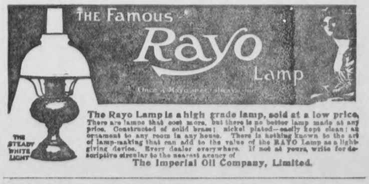
VARICOSE VEINS, Varicosities, etc
promptly relieved and eventually cured by
ABSORBINE JR
A mild, safe, antiseptic liniment. Takes out soreness, allays pain, stops lameness. Mr. Luke Kavanaugh, 227 Bridge St., W. Springfield, Mass., suffered 20 years with enlarged, knotted veins; his doctor advised stopping work and going to bed. Instead of doing so he used ABSORBINE, JR., and in 3 months' time the soreness and swelling had all disappeared and he was entirely cured. Removes Goitre, Wens, Tumors, Cysts and fatty bunches. Cures strains and sprains. $1.00-4 oz., $2.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book [illegible] Free.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMANS, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
[illegible]

Send for free sample to Dept. R.P. National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto

The more a man goes around the less he is apt to develop into a crank.

Miss Lucy Jones, a university woman and one of the leaders of Uniontown Pa., society, has been appointed a deputy sheriff by her father at her own request. She expects to do her part in looking after the outlaws in the Fayette County fastnesses, although her particular duty will be in Uniontown.

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmalee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed



The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light-giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of
The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

A New Head In 30 Minutes
Exchange that aching, throbbing, suffering, muddled head for a clear, cool, comfortable one by taking a
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafer
25c. a box at your druggists' or by mail from
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 28

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE
Sackett Plaster Board
The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster
Manufactured only by
The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

—The—

Raymond Rustler

Published every Friday morning
at Raymond

Subscription $1.50 per year payable in advance.

Advertising rates on application.

Established 1902. Name changed from The Raymond Chronicle" to "The Raymond Rustler" Oct. 1907.

Members of the Western Canada, Alberta and Eastern British Columbia Press Associations.

All official advertisements, such as By-Laws, Mortgages and Sheriff Sales, Assignments, and Government and Corporation Notices, and all legal notices inserted once for 12c. per line, subsequent insertions 8c. per line.

All orders for discontinuing contract advertising must be handed in in writing to the office.

W. S. BERRYESSA
Editor and Publisher

Friday, April 14th 1911

Mr. F. Fairbanks, an old time citizen, now residing at Salt Lake City, Utah, was in town last week.

Miss Marie Skouson, is to be seen at the cases of the Rustler composing room.

Mr. Royal C. Owen was driving the Mercantile Co's., delivery wagon on Friday last, as Mr. Thos. Allen was unable to work,

Mr. A. F. McDuffee was at Lethbridge, on business last Saturday.

Some of our local sports were out last week, and were successful in bagging several geese.

The Skating Party which was to have been held last Saturday evening was postponed until tomorrow night.

Born:—On Thursday April 6th. to the wife of Mr. Jas. Leadbetter, a daughter.

Mr. P. Van Wagoner and family left Monday morning for their homestead, where they will spend the summer.

The Knight Sugar Factory commenced its run of German Sugar on Saturday morning last.

Last week 4 subscribers came in and paid their subscriptions for the past year and for the next. Thanks very much.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the Opera House was not ready for Dancing until 9,30, Friday last, but on arriving, the Opera House directors, with the help of some of the boys "got busy" and soon had the house in good dancing condition. A good crowd assembled and a good time was had by all present.

Isn't it strange, that as long as a person goes with a crowd, and gives the leaders their own way. he are a good fellow? But let a man have a different opinion, or try to have his rights, he is called a kicker or called crazy.

How many shade trees are you going to plant this spring?

This is a subject that all the citizens of Raymond should be, not only asking each other, but thinking about.

Raymond is badly in need of more shade trees, it is the duty of every property owner in Raymond to see to it that there are more trees planted this spring. There may be some who will say, 'I have more now than I can take care of." This may be true in a few cases but very few. Shade trees give a town a look of permanency, as citizens we should try and make our town look its very best Let's get busy and boost for more shade trees.

We heard someone say that the wind has been blowing this week.

Mr. D. M. Powelson was at Lethbridge Friday last.

Dr. Weeks and Ted Hayes, of Cardston were in town last week.

Mr. C. D. Fox was at Lethbridge on Monday.

The steam plow owned and run by the Knight Sugar Co., is plowing 25 acres, from 10 to 12 inches, deep, daily.

There was more excitement caused from a few lines of nonsense in our issue of last week than is generally made over a full page of good reading matter.

Mr. Wm. Laurie. Town Solictor, was in attendance at the Council meeting last Thursday night.

A shipment of German raw sugar for the Knight Sugar Co., arrived last week, 9 carloads on Friday and 11 carloads on Saturday The remaining 5 carloads are expected this week.

Mr. Hann of Cheltenhan, England, came into town last week to fill, at the Bank of Montreal, the vacancy caused by Mr. Burbrig leaving town.

Mr. Wm. Redd left for Salt Lake City, Utah on Friday morning's train. Will is making a business trip, and will only be gone about two weeks. Some say that he will stop off at Rexburg. Idaho. but of course it is only gossip.

Over 9000 acres in 4-20 and 4-21 south of Raymond. Beautiful land Your pick at $20. per acre. One-fourth cash, balance in five equal annual payments, interest at 7%. For particulars apply to Security Investment Co. Ltd., Raymond, Alta., or to the Standard Trusts Co., Winnipeg. *

Has any one heard about the Band Stand that was to have been built soon? No answer. The Raymond Military Band has been promised that a Band Stand would be erected, but as yet no one has heard anything about it. The band are preparing to give Open Air Concerts this summer and would like to know what about the Band Stand.

As the springtime approaches the peddler and the cheap auction man will be around in all his glory. He will tell you the smooth story about bankrupt stock that must be sold. But be not deceived. Remember that your home dealer is here to make every promise good, and that he can always give you a better stock to select from. It is characteristic of the American people to try to get some thing for nothing, but the time when they can do this has not come as yet. Nor is it liable to come this summer. Our merchants do not promise to give something for nothing, but give you as much for your money as anywhere else, and are showing an immense lot of reliable goods.

An Editor's Love Letter—"Dear darling delinquent! Our precious subscriber in arrears! You are so shy! Do you think we have sold out and gone? No, little sugar-plum, we could not get away if we wanted to. We are still at the same old stand dishing out to advertisers on sweet promises and bright expectations They make an excellent diet, darling, with a little pudding flavored with a word of encouragement to serve as a dessert. We are waiting and watching for thee, our turtle dove. We long to hear thy gentle footstep on the stairway below and to to hear the ring of happy dollars within our office. Dear one, we feel unusually sad and lonely without you, dear. Now little pie-crust, will you come? Do we hear you answer in a voice so sweet and beguiling, "I'm coming,' ' or is it only the winds that around our office roar? We pause for further development." —Ex.

Mr. J. W. Evans made a business trip to Lethbridge on Friday last.

For Sale:—500 five year old shade trees at 25 cents each.
J. W. Wixom

If you have well located or a good business proposition for sale at reasonable prices, write me at once enclosing self addressed stamped envelope for reply (owners only).

Address
J. C. Ross, 816-5nd Ave So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Lost:—One Birkshire Boar, weight about 300 lbs. Finder will be rewarded for returning same to J. Niel.

EGGS FOR HATCHING

Thoroughbred Barred Rock eggs for sale. 75 cents per setting or $5.00 per 100 eggs.

White Wiandote eggs. 75c. per setting. Call or write to,
Fred W. Romeril, Stirling.

Edson, the Calgary of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the last prarie divisional point and the best. The time to invest in a new town is right at the start. By purchasing lots in Edson now for $30 each on easy terms you are getting in absolutely on the ground floor and will double your money three or four times over in a few years time Our lots adjourn Main St. and are dollar for dollar the cheapest on the market at Edson today. It costs you one cent to obtain full particulars. Mail us a card today
The Edson Point Co.
608 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg

Piping Hot Water Always Ready

for every occasion, with the Kootenay Steel Range, without "driving" the fire or wasting fuel. The generous firebox is built so that the water heats very rapidly as it passes through the water front, and gives a plentiful supply. One bath usually empties the boiler heated by an ordinary range with the result that the rest of the family must wait for more water to heat. Not so with the boiler attached to the water front of a

KOOTENAY Steel Range

because the Kootenay never fails to heat as much water as is required and as fast as it is used. The nearest McClary Agent will make clear to you the reasons why you ought to *own* a Kootenay. 56

McClary's

London. [illegible] Montreal. Winnipeg. Vancouver. St. John, N.B. [illegible]

For Sale by Raymond Mercantile Co.

Do you own a
Farm or Home

If not, let us sell you one on easy terms. We have over 12,000 acres of good farm lands made up of farms containing from 5 to 700 acres at from $20.00 to $60.00 a acre.

We also have a number of good homes in town for sale, and the prices are so reasonable that you cannot help but buy if you will investigate, or we can sell you a good lot in any locality on easy terms.

If you are not particularly interested in a farm or home we have something that you are interested in, and that is MONEY. Money" we hear some say; yes money. We have a million or so to loan on farm or town property at reasonable interest.

Call and let us explain.

SECURITY INVESTMENT CO.
Geo. H. Budd, Mgr.

FARMERS:--
it is about time to estimate how much
FORMALDEHYDE
you will require for the spring seeding. Call and see us. We can quote you the right price on any quantity, large or small.

MCDUFFEE BROS. DRUGGISTS

Read This!

Notice:-Know all men by these presents that I, O. C. Wixom will sell you factory made harness at cost. Some say factory made harness is not good, this may be so when sold to a merchant but not so when sold to a harness maker. Call in and I will show you catalogue prices and give you the benefit of discount. I mean what I say. Call and see Come early as convenient. Order from me and save paying profits to those handling stuff out of their line.

Clip out this ad for future reference

O. C. Wixom Saddler and Harness Maker

RAYMOND PRIVATE HOSPITAL

MRS. C. SCHMIDT

Will recieve patients at her Private Home for Surgical, and non-contagious diseases. Maternity Cases a specialty. All information given on application

Raymond, Alta. Box 123

Terms moderate

Phone 74

YOU PAY WHEN CURED
Drs. K. & K. TAKE ALL RISKS

Cured by the New Method Treatment

NO NAMES OR PHOTOS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through Early Indiscretions, Excesses and Blood Diseases. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes, with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat, etc.

YOU WILL BE A WRECK

Our New Method Treatment can cure you and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified, so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear, the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency vanish, the eye becomes bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated: all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or no pay.

EVERYTHING PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

READER: No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Books Free—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Secret Diseases of Men.
QUESTION LIST FOR HOME TREATMENT SENT ON REQUEST

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY
Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Write for our private address.

A Wife in Name Only

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of
"Between Two Loves,"
'Fairy Gold,"
"Which Loved Him Best,"
"Dora Thorne,"
"Her Mother's Sin," Etc.

handsome, reckless, ne'er-do-well, and had prophesied such terrible evil for her if she did marry him—not there, where earth was so fair, where all nature told of innocence and purity. If he must sin, let it be far away in large cities where the ways of men were evil.

She decided on leaving Ashwood. Another and perhaps even stronger motive that influenced her was her passionate love for the child; that was her one hope in life, her one sheet-anchor, the one thing that preserved her from the utter madness of desolation.

The three years had almost elapsed; the doctor was dead, and had left nothing behind him that could give any clew to Madaline's identity, and in a short time—she trembled to think how short—the father would come to claim his child, and she would lose her. When she thought of that, Margaret Dornham clung to the little one in a passion of despair. She would go away and take Madaline with her—keep her where she could love her—care for her, tend her—where she could bring her up as her own child, and lavish all the warmth and devotion of her nature upon her. She never once thought that in acting thus she was doing a selfish, a cruel deed—that she was taking the child from her father, who of all people living had the greatest claim upon her.

"He may have more money than I have," thought poor, mistaken Margaret, "but he cannot love her so much; and after all love is better than money."

It was easy to manage her husband. She had said but little to him at the time she undertook the charge of little Madaline, and he had been too indifferent to make inquiries. She told him now, what was in some measure quite true, that with the doctor's death her income had ceased, and that she herself not only was perfectly ignorant of the child's real name, but did not even know to whom to write. It was true, but she knew at the same time that, if she would once open the box of papers, she would not be ignorant on any one point, for those papers she had firmly resolved never to touch, so that in saying she knew nothing of the child's identity she would be speaking the bare truth.

At first Henry Dornham was indignant. The child should not be left a burden and drag on his hands, he declared—it must go to the workhouse.

But patient Margaret clasped her arms around his neck and whispered to him that the child was so clever, so pretty, she would be a goldmine to them in the future—only let them get away from Ashwood, and go to London, where she could be trained and taught. He laughed a sneering laugh, for which, had he been any other than her husband, she would have hated him.

"Not a bad plan, Maggie," he said; "then she can work to keep us. I, myself, do not care where we go or what we do, so that no one asks me to work."

He was easily persuaded to say nothing about their removal, to go to London without saying anything to his old friends and neighbors of their intentions. Margaret knew well that so many were interested in the child that she would not be allowed to take her away if her wish became known.

How long the little cottage at Ashwood had been empty no one knows. It stood so entirely alone that for weeks together nothing was seen or known of its inhabitants. Henry Dornham was missed from his haunts. His friends and comrades wondered for a few days, and then forgot him; they thought that in all probability he was engaged in some not very reputable pursuit.

The Rector of Castledene—the Reverend John Darnley — was the first really to miss them. He had always been interested in little Madaline. When he had heard from the shopkeepers that Margaret had not been seen in the town lately, he feared she was ill, and resolved to go and see her. His astonishment was great when he found the cottage closed and the Dornhams gone—the place had evidently been empty for some weeks. On inquiry he found that the time of their departure, and their place of destination were equally unknown. No one knew whither they had gone or anything about them. Mr. Darnley was puzzled; it seemed to him very strange that, after having lived in the place so long, Margaret Dornham should have left without saying one word to any human being.

"There is a mystery in it," thought the rector. He never dreamed that the cause of the mystery was the woman's passionate love for the child.

All Castledene wondered with him—indeed, for some days the little town was all excitement. Margaret Dornham had disappeared with the child who had been left in their midst. Every one seemed to feel more or less responsible for her, but neither wonder nor anything else gave them the least clew as to whither or why she had gone. After a few days' earnest discussion and inquiry the excitement died away, when a wonderful event revived it. It was no other than the arrival of the new Earl of Mountdean in search of his little girl.

This time the visitor did not take any pains to conceal his title. He drove to the Castle Arms, and from there [illegible] to the doctor's [illegible] [illegible] ped! It seemed almost impossible.

at once. When he found that too, closed and deserted, it seemed to him that fortune was playing him a trick.

He was disconcerted; and then, believing that this at least was but a case of removal, he decided on going to the rector of the parish, whom he well remembered. He surely would be able to give him all information.

Mr. Darnley looked up in wonder at the announcement of his visitor's name—the Earl of Mountdean. What could the earl possibly want with him?

His wonder deepened as he recognized in the earl the stranger at the burial of whose fair young wife he had assisted three years before. The earl held out his hand.

"You are surprised to see me, Mr. Darnley? You recognize me, I perceive."

The rector contrived to say something about his surprise, but Mountdean interrupted him hastily:

"Yes, I understand. I was traveling as Mr. Charlewood when my terrible misfortune overtook me here. I have returned from Italy, where I have been spending the last three years. My father has just died, and I am here in search of my child. My child," continued the earl, seeing the rector's blank face—"where is she? I find my poor friend the doctor is dead, and the house where my little one's foster-mother lived is empty. Can you tell me what it means?"

He tried to speak calmly, but his handsome face had grown quite white, his lips were dry and hot, his voice, even to himself, had a strange, harsh sound.

"Where is she?" he repeated. "The little one—my Madaline's child? I have a strange feeling that all is not well. Where is my child?"

He saw the shadow deepen on the rector's face, and he clasped his arm.

"Where is she?" he cried. "You cannot mean that she is dead? Not dead, surely? I have not seen her since I left her, a little, feeble baby, but she has lived in my heart through all these weary years of exile. My whole soul has hungered and thirsted for her. By night and by day I have dreamed of her—[illegible] Madaline's face. She has spoken sweet words to me in my dreams, always in Madaline's voice. I must see her. I cannot bear this suspense. You do not answer me. Can it be that she, too, is dead?"

"No, she is not dead," replied the rector. "I saw her two months since, and she was then living, well, beautiful, and happy. No, the little one is not dead."

"Then tell me, for pity's sake, where she is!" cried the earl, in an agony of impatience.

"I cannot. Two months since I was at Ashwood Cottage. Margaret Dornham's worthless husband was in some great trouble; I went to console his wife; and then I saw the little one. I held her in my arms, and thought, as I looked at her, that I had never seen such a lovely face. Then I saw no more of her; and my wonder was aroused on hearing some of the tradespeople say that Mrs. Dornham had not been in town for some weeks. I believed she was ill, and went to see. My wonder was as great as your own at finding the house closed. Husband, wife, and child had disappeared as though by magic from the place, leaving no clew or trace behind him."

The rector was almost alarmed at the effect of his words. The young earl fell back in his chair, looking as though the shadow of death had fallen over him.

CHAPTER VI.

It was but a child, the rector thought to himself, [illegible] his father had seen but [illegible]. He did not understand [illegible] Lord Mountdean [illegible] wife's legacy [illegible] in life that she was all [illegible] to him of a love that had [illegible] than life itself. [illegible] words of comfort rose to his lips, [illegible] the earl did not [illegible]. He looked up suddenly, [illegible] still in his face.

"How [illegible] am to alarm myself so [illegible]," he said. "Some one or other will [illegible] to know whither [illegible]. She may have had some [illegible] trouble, and so have desired to [illegible] her whereabouts a secret; but some one or other will know. If she is in the world I will find her. How foolish I am to be so terribly frightened! If the child is living, what have I to fear?"

But, though his words were brave and courageous, his hands trembled, and the rector saw signs of great agitation. He rang for wine, but Lord Mountdean could not take it—he could do nothing until he had found his child.

In a few words he told the rector the story of his marriage.

"I thought," he said, "that I could not do better for the little one than leave her here in the doctor's care."

"You were right," returned the rector; "the poor doctor's love for the child was talked about everywhere. As for Margaret Dornham, I do not think, if she had been her own, she could have loved her better. Whatever else may have gone wrong, take my word for it, there was no lack of love for the child; she could not have been better cared for—of that I am quite sure."

"I am glad to hear you say so; that is some comfort. But why did no one write to me when the doctor died?"

"I do not think he left one shred of paper containing any allusion to your lordship. All his effects were claimed by some distant cousin, who now lives in his house. I was asked to look over his papers, but there was not a private memorandum amongst them—not one; there was nothing in fact but receipted bills."

Lord Mountdean looked up.

"There must be some mistake," he observed. "I myself placed in his charge all the papers necessary for the identification of my little daughter."

"May I ask of what they consisted?" said the rector.

"Certainly—the certificate of my marriage, of my beloved wife's death, of my little daughter's birth, and an agreement between the doctor and myself as to the sum that was to be paid to him yearly while he had charge of my child."

"Then the doctor knew your name, title, and address?"

"Yes; I had no motive in keeping them secret, save that I did not wish my marriage to be known to my father until I myself could tell him—and I know how fast such news travels. I remember distinctly where he placed the papers. I watched him."

"Where was it?" asked Mr. Darnley. "For I certainly have seen nothing of them."

"In a small oaken box with brass clasps which stood on a sideboard. I remember it as though it were yesterday."

"I have seen no such box," said the rector. "Our wisest plan will be to go at once to the house where his cousin, Mr. Grey, resides, and see if the article is in his possession. I am quite sure, though, that he would have mentioned it if he had seen it."

Without a minute's delay they drove at once to the house, and found Mr. Grey at home. He was surprised when he heard the name and rank of his visitor, and above all when he understood his errand.

"A small oaken box with brass clasps?" he said. "No; I have nothing of the kind in my possession; but if your lordship will wait, I will have a search made at once."

Every drawer, desk, and recess were examined in vain. There was no trace of either the box or the papers.

"I have an inventory of everything the doctor's house contained—it was taken the day after his death," said Mr. Grey; "we can look through that."

Item after item was most carefully perused. The list contained no mention of a small oaken box. It was quite plain that box and papers had both disappeared.

"Could the doctor have given them into Mrs. Dornham's charge?" asked the earl.

"No," replied the rector; "I should certainly not. I am quite sure that Mrs. Dornham did not even know the child's surname. I remember once asking her about it. If she had had the papers, she would have read them. I cannot think she holds them."

Then they went to visit Mrs. Galbraith, the doctor's housekeeper. She had a distinct recollection of the box—it used to stand on the sideboard, and a large-sized family Bible generally lay on the top of it. How long it had been out of sight when the doctor died she did not know, but she had never seen it since. Then they drove to the bank, thinking that, perhaps, for greater security, he might have deposited it there. No such thing had been heard of. Plainly enough, the papers had disappeared; both the earl and the rector were puzzled.

"They can be of no possible use to any one but myself," said Lord Mountdean. "Now that my poor father is dead and cannot be distressed about it, I shall tell to the whole world—if it cares to listen—the story of my marriage. If I had wanted to keep that or the birth of my child a secret, I could have understood the papers being stolen by one wishing to trade with them. As it is, I cannot see that they are of the least use to any one except myself."

They gave up the search at last, and then Lord Mountdean devoted himself to the object—the finding of his child.

In a few days the story of his marriage was told by every newspaper in the land; also the history of the strange disappearance of his child. Large rewards were offered to any any one who could bring the least information. Not content with employing the best detective skill in England, he conducted the search himself. He worked unweariedly.

"A man, woman, and child could not possibly disappear from the face of the earth without leaving some trace behind," he would say.

One little gleam of light came, which filled him with hope—they found that Margaret Dornham had sold all her furniture to a broker living in a town called Wrentford. She had sent for him herself, and had asked him to purchase it, saying that she, with her husband, was going to live at a distance, and that they did not care about taking it with them. He remembered having asked her where she was going, but she evaded any reply. He could tell no more. He showed what he had left of the furniture; and tears filled Lord Mountdean's eyes as he saw amongst it a child's crib. He liberally rewarded the man, and then set to work with renewed vigor to endeavor to find out Margaret Dornham's destination.

He went to the railway stations, and, though the only clew he succeeded in obtaining was a very faint one, he had some reason for believing that Margaret Dornham had gone to London.

In that vast city he continued the search, until it really seemed that every inch of ground had been examined. It was all without result—Margaret Dornham and the child seemed to have vanished.

"What can be the woman's motive?" the earl would say in despair. "Why has she taken the child? What does she intend to do with it?"

It never occurred to him that her great, passionate love for the little one was the sole motive for the deed [illegible] with appeals [illegible] return to Castledene, or to give some intelligence of her foster-child. The events of the story were talked about everywhere; but, in spite of all that was done and said, Lord Mountdean's heiress remained undiscovered. Months grew into years, and the same mystery prevailed. The earl was desperate at first—his anguish and sorrow were pitiful to witness; but, after a time, he grew passive in his despair. He never relaxed in his efforts. Every six months the advertisements with the offers of reward were renewed; every six months the story was retold in the papers. It had become one of the common topics of the day. People talked of the Earl of Mountdean's daughter, of her strange disappearance, of the mysterious silence that had fallen over her. Then, as the years passed on, it was agreed that she would never be found, that she must be dead. The earl's truest friends advised him to marry again. After years of bitter disappointment, of anguish and suspense, of unutterable sorrow and despair, he resigned himself to the entire loss of Madaline's child.

* * * * *

Nature had made Philippa L'Estrange beautiful, circumstances had helped to make her proud. Her father, Lord L'Estrange, died when she was quite a child, leaving her an enormous fortune that was quite under her own control. Her mother, Lady L'Estrange, had but one idea in life, and that was indulging her beautiful daughter in her every caprice. Proud, beautiful, and wealthy, when she most needed a mother's care, that mother died, leaving her sole mistress of herself. She was but seventeen then, and was known as one of the wealthiest heiresses and loveliest girls of the day. Her first step was, in the opinion of the world, a wise one; she sent for a widowed cousin, Lady Peters, to live with her as chaperon. For the first year after her mother's death she remained at Verdun Royal, the family estate. After one year given to retirement, Philippa L'Estrange thought she had mourned for her mother after the most exemplary fashion. She was just nineteen when she took her place again in the great world, one of its brightest ornaments.

An afternoon in London in May. The air was clear and fresh; there was in it a faint breath of the budding chestnuts, the hawthorn and lilac; the sun shone clear and bright, yet not too warmly.

On this afternoon Miss L'Estrange sat in the drawing-room of the magnificent family mansion in Hyde Park. The whole world could not have produced a more marvelous picture. The room itself was large, lofty, well proportioned, and superbly furnished; the hangings were of pale-rose silk and white lace; the pictures and statues were gems of art, a superb copy of the Venus of Milo gleaming white and shapely from between the folds of rose silk, also a marble Flora, whose basket was filled with purple heliotropes, and a Psyche that was in itself a dream of beauty; the vases were filled with fairest and most fragrant flowers. Nothing that art, taste, or luxury could suggest was wanting—the eye reveled in beauty. Miss L'Estrange had refurnished the room in accordance with her own ideas of the beautiful and artistic.

The long windows were opened, and through them one saw the rippling of the rich foliage in the park; the large iron balconies were filled with flowers, fragrant mignonette, lemon-scented verbenas, purple heliotropes, all growing in rich profusion. The spray of the little scented fountain sparkled in the sun. Every one agreed that there was no other room in London like the grand drawing-room at Verdun House.

There was something on that bright May afternoon more beautiful even than the flowers, the fountains, the bright-plumaged birds in their handsome cages, the white statues, or the pictures; that was the mistress and queen of all this magnificence, Philippa L'Estrange. She was reclining on a couch that had been sent from Paris—a couch made of finest ebony, and covered with pale, rose-colored velvet. If Titian or Velasquez had seen her as she lay there, the world would have been the richer by an immortal work of art; Titian alone could have reproduced those rich, marvelous colors; that perfect, queenly beauty. He would have painted the picture, and the world would have raved about its beauty. The dark masses of waving hair; the lovely face with its warm southern tints; the dark eyes flashing with fire and passion; the perfect mouth with its proud, sweet, imperial yet tender lips; the white, dimpled chin; the head and face unrivaled in their glorious contour; the straight dark brows that could frown and yet soften as few other brows could; the white neck, half hidden, half revealed by the coquettish dress; the white rounded arms and beautiful hands—all would have struck the master. Her dress fell round her in folds that would have charmed an artist. It was of some rich transparent material, the pale amber hue of which enhanced her dark loveliness. The white arms were half shown, half covered by rich lace—in the waves of her dark hair lay a yellow rose. She looked like a woman whose smile could be fatal and dangerous as that of a siren, who could be madly loved or madly hated, yet to whom no man living could be indifferent.

She played for some few minutes with the rings on her fingers, smiling to herself a soft, dreamy smile, as though her thoughts were very pleasant ones; then she took up a volume of poems, read a few lines; and then laid the book down again. The dark eyes, with a gleam of impatience in them, wandered to the clock.

"How slowly those hands move!" she said.

"You are restless," observed a calm, low voice; "watching a clock always makes time seem long."

"Ah, Lady Peters," said the rich, musical tones, "when I cease to be young, I shall cease to be impatient!"

Lady Peters, the chosen confidante and chaperon of the brilliant heiress was an elderly lady whose most striking characteristic appeared to be calmness and repose. She was richly dressed in a robe of black moire, and she wore a cap of point-lace; her face was kindly, patient, cheerful; her manner, though somewhat stately, the same. She [illegible] deeply loved the beautiful girl whose bright face was turned to hers.

"He said three in his note, did he not, Lady Peters?"

"Yes, my dear, but it is impossible for any one to be always strictly punctual; a hundred different things may have detained him."

"But if he were really anxious to see me, he would not let anything detain him," she said.

"Your anxiety about him would be very flattering to him if he knew it," remarked the elder lady.

"Why should I not be anxious? I have always loved him better than the whole world. I have had reason to be anxious."

"Philippa, my dear Philippa, I would not say such things if I were you, unless I had heard something really definite from himself."

The beautiful young heiress laughed a bright, triumphant laugh.

"Something definite from himself! Why, you do not think it likely that he will long remain indifferent to me, even if he be so now—which I do not believe."

"I have had so many disappointments in life that I am afraid of being sanguine," said Lady Peters; and again the young beauty laughed.

"It will seem so strange to see him again. I remember his going away so well. I was very young then—I am young now, but I feel years older. He came down to Verdun Royal to bid us good-bye, and I was in the grounds. He had but half an hour to stay, and mamma sent him out to me."

The color deepened in her face as she spoke, and the light shone in her splendid eyes—there was a kind of wild, restless passion in her words.

"I remember it all so well! There had been a heavy shower of rain in the early morning, that had cleared away, leaving the skies blue, the sunshine golden, while the rain-drops still glistened on the trees and the grass. I love the sweet smell of the green leaves and the moist earth after rain. I was there enjoying it when he came to say good-bye to me—mamma came with him. 'Philippa,' she said, 'Norman is going; he wants to say good-bye to his little wife.' He always calls me his little wife. I saw him look very grave. She went away and left us together. 'You are growing too tall to be called my little wife, Philippa,' he said, and I laughed at his gravity. We were standing underneath a great flowering lilac-tree—the green leaves and the sweet flowers were still wet with the rain. I remember it so well! I drew one of the tall fragrant sprays down, and shaking the rain-draps from it, kissed it. I can smell the rich, moist odor now. I never see a lilac-spray or smell its sweet moisture after rain but that the whole scene rises before me again—I see the proud, handsome face that I love so dearly, the clear skies and the green trees. 'How long shall you be away, Norman?' I asked him. 'Not more than two years,' he replied. 'You will be quite a brilliant lady of fashion when I return, Philippa; you will have made conquests [illegible].' 'I shall always be the same to you,' I replied; but he made no answer. He took the spray [illegible] [illegible] said; and that is why, Lady Peters, I ordered the vases to be filled with lilacs to-day. He bent down and kissed my face. 'Good-bye, Philippa,' he said; 'may I find you as good and as beautiful as I leave you!' And then he went away. That is just two years ago, no wonder that I am pleased at his return."

Lady Peters looked anxiously at her.

"There was no regular engagement between you and Lord Arleigh was there, Philippa?"

"What do you call a regular engagement?" said the young heiress. "He never made love to me, if that is what you mean—he never asked me to be his wife; but it was understood—always understood."

"By whom?" asked Lady Peters.

"My mother and his. When Lady Arleigh lived, she spent a great deal of time at Verdun Royal with my mother; they were first cousins, and the dearest of friends. Hundreds of times I have seen them sitting on the lawn, while Norman and I played together. Then they were always talking about the time when we should be married. 'Philippa will make a beautiful Lady Arleigh,' his mother used to say. 'Norman, go and play with your little wife,' she would add; and with all the gravity of grown courtier, he would bow before me and call me his little wife."

"But you were children then, and it was perhaps all childish folly."

"It was nothing of the kind," said the heiress. "I remember well that, when I was presented, my mother said to me, 'Philippa, you are sure to be very much admired; but remember, I consider you engaged to Norman. Your lot in life is settled; you are to be Lady Arleigh of Beechgrove.'"

"But," interposed Lady Peters, "it seems to me, Philippa, that this was all your mother's fancy. Because you played together as children—because when you were a child, he called you his little wife—because your mother and his were dear friends, and liked the arrangement—it does not follow that he would like it, or that he would choose the playmate of his childhood as the love of his manhood. In all that you have said to me, I see no evidence that he loves you, or that he considers himself in any way bound to you."

"That is because you do not understand. He has been in England only two days, yet, you see, he comes to visit me."

"That may be for old friendship's sake," said Lady Peters. "Oh, my darling, be careful! Do not give the love of your heart and soul for nothing."

"It is given already," confessed the girl, "and can never be recalled, no matter what I get in return. Why, it is twenty minutes past three; do you think he will come?"

Philippa L'Estrange rose from the couch and went to the long, open window.

"I have never seen the sun shine so brightly before," she said; and Lady Peters sighed as she listened. "The world has never looked so beautiful. [illegible] make haste! I am longing to see you."

She had a quaint, pretty fashion of calling Lady Peters by the French appellation of maman. She turned to her now, with a charming smile. She shook out the perfumed folds of her dress — she smoothed the fine white lace.

"You have not told me, maman," she said, "whether I am looking my best to-day. I want Norman to be a little surprised when he sees me. If you saw me for the first time to-day, would you think me nice?"

"I should think you the very queen of beauty," was the truthful answer.

A pleasant smile curved the lovely scarlet graceful lips.

"So will Norman. You will see, maman, there is no cause for anxiety, none for fear. You will soon be wondering why you looked so grave over my pretty love-story."

"It seems to me," observed Lady Peters, "that it is a one-sided story. You love him—you consider yourself betrothed to him. What will you say or do, Philippa, if you find that, during his travels, he has learned to love some one else? He has visited half the courts of Europe since he left here; he must have seen some of the loveliest women in the world. Suppose he has learned to love one—what then?"

The beautiful face darkened.

"What then, maman? I know what I should do, even in that case. He belonged to me before he belonged to any one else, and I should try to win him back again."

"But if his word were pledged?"

"He must break his pledge. It would be war to the knife; and I have an idea that in the end I should win."

"But," persisted Lady Peters, "if you lost—what then?"

"Ah, then I cannot tell what would happen! Love turns to burning hate at times. If I failed I should seek revenge. But we will not talk of failure. Oh, maman, there he is!"

How she loved him! At the sound of his footsteps a crimson glow shone in her face, a light shone in the depths of her splendid dark eyes, the scarlet lips trembled. She clinched her white fingers lest a sound that might betray her should escape her.

"Lord Arleigh," announced a servant at the door.

Tall, stately, self-possessed, she went forward to greet him. She held out her hand; but words failed her as she looked once more into the face she loved so well.

"Philippa!" cried the visitor in tones of wonder. "I expected to find you changed, but I should not have known you."

"Am I so greatly altered?" she asked.

"Altered?" he repeated. "I left you a pretty school-girl — I find you a queen." He bowed low over the white hand.

"The queen bids you welcome," she said, and then, after introducing Lady Peters, she added: "Should you not really have known me, Norman?"

He had recovered from his first surprise, and Lady Peters, who watched him closely, fancied that she detected some little embarrassment in his manner. Of one thing she was quite sure—there was admiration and affection in his manner, but there was nothing resembling love.

He greeted her, and then took a seat, not by Philippa's side, but in one of the pretty lounging chairs by the open window.

"How pleasant it is to be at home again!" he said. How pleasant, Philippa, to see you!" And then he began to talk of Lady L'Estrange. "It seems strange," he went on, "that your mother and mine, after being such true friends in life, should die within a few days of each other. I would give the whole world to see my mother again. I shall find Beechgrove so lonely without her."

"I always recognize a good man," put in Lady Peters, "by the great love he bears his mother."

Lord Arleigh smiled.

"Then you think I am a good man?" he interrogated. "I hope, Lady Peters, that I shall never forfeit your good opinion."

"I do not think it likely," said her ladyship.

Philippa grew impatient on finding his attention turned, even for a few moments from herself.

"Talk to me, Norman," she said, "tell me of your travels—of what you have seen and done — of the new friends you have made."

"I have no new ones, Philippa," he said; "I love the old ones best."

"He did not understand the triumphant expression of the dark eyes as they glanced at Lady Peters. He told her briefly of the chief places that he had visited, and then he said:

"What a quantity of flowers you have, Philippa! You still retain your old love."

She took a spray of lilac from one of the vases and held it before him. Again Lady Peters noted confusion on his face.

"Do you remember the lilac, and what you said about it?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I was in Florence last year when they were in flower, and I never looked at the beautiful blooming trees without fancying that I saw my cousin's face among the blossoms."

"Why do you call me 'cousin'?" she asked, impatiently.

He looked up in surprise.

"You are my cousin, are you not, Philippa?"

"I am only your second cousin," she said; "and you have never called me so before."

"I have always called you 'cousin' in my thoughts," he declared. "How remiss I am!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You will think that I have forgotten what little manners I had. I never congratulated you on your success."

"What success?" she asked, half impatiently.

"I have not been twenty-four hours in London, yet I have heard on all sides of your charms and conquests. I hear that you are the belle of the season—that you have slain dukes, earls, marquises, and baronets indiscriminately. I hear that no one has ever been more popular or more admired than Philippa L'Estrange. Is it all true?"

"You must find out for yourself," she said, laughingly, half disarmed

$1,000 REWARD

For a Case of Incurable Constipation

To a person who can't be cured of constipation by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the above reward will be paid. No cathartic medicine gives such lasting satisfaction or effects such marvellous cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Relief immediately follows for headache, biliousness and stomach disorders. No griping pains, no burning sensations, nothing but the most pleasant relief attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—others not so good. Price 25c. a box, at all dealers.

BLACK PHOSPHORUS

BLACK phosphorus, hitherto supposed to be pure phosphorus turned black as result of sudden cooling is produced by the contact of phosphorus with mercury or with some salt of mercury on which it can react at the moment when it passes from the liquid to the solid state. Molten phosphorus dissolves mercury, giving a colorless solution. When cooled, the saturated solution remains colorless in all low temperatures; but if the phosphorus solidifies, the solidification is very weak, and the mercury leaves the solidified phosphorus and colors it black.

If black phosphorus is melted, the mercury is easily redissolved in the surrounding phosphorus, and the whole body becomes colorless. This is the correct explanation of the phenomenon.

PRINCE CALLED A "TEDDY ROOSEVELT"

TEDDY ROOSEVELT" is the latest epithet condemning the heir to the throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, because of his meddling proclivities. He is accused of going around among the ministers, interfering with bills before Parliament, and this the Hungarian Parliaments at least won't stand, particularly as Francis Ferdinand is not an official person, merely holding a rank in the army.

It is generally conceded that the Archduke makes a sad mistake in quarreling with the Hungarians, for he must rely on Hungary for straightening out his marriage affairs. Hungary recognizes every lawful marriage, but Austria recognizes Francis Ferdinand's marriage to the Duchess of Hohenheim as morganatic only. Hence there will be grave conflicts as to the status of his sons when he comes to the throne. While in Hungary their succession is a matter of course, in Austria it is not.

DA COLDA FEET

Da beggarman aocross da way
Ees happy as can be;
He laugh an' weenk bayeause he theenk
He gotta joke on me.
Oh! my, oh! my, how cold eet ees
For stan' on deesa street!
Da weends blow like dey gona freeze
Da shoes upon your feet.
I nevva see een deesa town
So fierce da weeatra storm;
I keepa hoppin' up an' down
For mak' my feeta warm.
But beggarman across da way
He stan' against da wall,
So like eet was a summer day
He ees no cold at all.
Ees justa a box een fronta heem
For hold hees teenna cup,
But he bayhava so eet seem
A stove for warm heem up.
An' evra time he look an' see
How colda man am I,
He justa weenk an' laugh at me
So like he gona die!
An' so I leave dees fruita stan'
An' walka 'cross da street
For see how cold ees dees beggarman
Can keep so warma feeet.
I look, an' dere I see da legs
Dat prop heem by da wall
Ees notheeng more dan wooden pegs—
He got no feet at all!
Eef colda feet should mak' you swear
An' growl so bad as me,
I bat your life you would no care
So mooch eef you could see
Da beggarman across da way,
So happy as can be,
Dat laught an' weenk bayeause he theenk
He gotta joke on me!

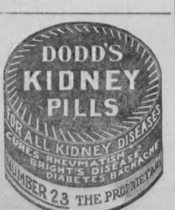
DO you think your son will forget all he learned at college?" asked a friend.

"I hope so," replied the father. "I don't see how he can earn a living playing football and baseball."

Wit is the wine of intellect which ill-nature turns to vinegar.

Many a woman has shed enough tears to float a more worthy ambition.

Many a man has stubbed his toe over his own ambition.



You Cannot Forget Your Corns

They pain too much. Perhaps you have tried this, that and the other remedy—you still have them. You do not experiment when you use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. In twenty four hours the soreness is removed. In a day or two you are rid of them, root and branch. Keep the name in sight because it tells the story. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists, price 25c.

PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
for COUGHS & COLDS

Storyettes

TWO miserable-looking hoboes, called on the dean of a medical college and proposed that he purchase their bodies for the dissecting room, as they were on the verge of starvation and had not long to live.

"It is an odd proposition," hesitated the dean.

"But it is occasionally done," suggested the spokesman eagerly.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"Over in New York," replied the spokesman, "they gave us $40."

* * *

OF sporting offers made by the large eaters of old, that made to Charles Gustavus of Sweden when he was besieging Prague is worthy of recall. A peasant offered for the King's amusement to devour a large hog then and there. General Koenigsmark, so runs the tale, suggested that one with such an appetite ought to be burned as a sorcerer, on which the peasant said to the King: "Sir, if your Majesty will make that old gentleman take off his spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig."

* * *

A YOUNG girl who had never heard of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," but was familiar with the more popular parody on it, was a witness to a wedding ceremony in a church recently. As the betrothed pair walked with dignified tread toward the altar to be wed and the organ pealed forth Mendelssohn's inspiring march, the young girl was plainly shocked. When she arrived at her home she told her mother of the wedding ceremony and innocently exclaimed:

"What do you think, mother, they played 'Gee Whiz! I'm Glad I'm Free.'"

* * *

ENRAGED over something the local newspaper had printed about him a subscriber burst into the editor's office in search of the responsible reporter.

"Who are you?" he demanded, glaring at the editor, who was also the main stockholder.

"I'm the newspaper," was the calm reply.

"And who are you?" he next inquired, turning his respectful gaze on the chocolate-colored office-devil clearing out the waste-basket.

"Me?" rejoined the darky, grinning from ear to ear. "Ah guess ah's de cul'ud supplement."

* * *

CHANNING POLLOCK cites a certain melodrama produced a few years ago, as containing the busiest, and most inconsistent villain ever created.

In the first act he tied the beautiful heroine to a railroad track just as the limited was due. In the second, he lured her into an old house, locked her in an upper room, and set the place on fire. In the third, he strapped her under a buzz saw and set the machinery in motion. In the fourth, he tore the planking out of the Brooklyn bridge, so that her automobile plunged through to the raging flood below.

In the fifth act he started to make love to her. She shrank from him.

"Why do you fear me, Nellie?" he asked.

* * *

WHILE walking through a street in a southern town the other day Joseph A. Beecher was "braced" by two colored boys about 7 years old, who asked: "Got any cigarette pictures, mister?"

Explaining that he did not indulge, the lawyer asked the boys their names.

"Johnsing,' was the reply. "We'se twins."

"Well, what are your first names?" insisted the amused questioner.

"Mah name," answered one, "is Soda and his name," pointing to the other, "is Saleratus. Maw done lose all de others, and she give us names she find successful in raisin'."

* * *

WHILE a young chap was walking along a business street with a very pretty girl, he happened to glance into a couple of windows where the latest styles of men's overcoats and suits were displayed. The girl noticed it. She stopped and exclaimed, "What a dandy overcoat! Why don't you get one of those, Bob? You'd look fine inside of that."

She looked at everything in that window and the young chap was delighted at her interest in men's clothes.

"You're all right, Grace," said he. "That's what I like about you. Most girls would rather look at lingerie waists than at a man's overcoat and suits."

The girl laughed. "Well, Bob," said she, "to be perfectly honest, the mirrors in that window are something to cry for. I was trying to see if my hat was on straight!"

* * *

M. CAMPANINI, the great operatic conductor praised mince pie at a dinner in Chicago.

"I don't wonder," he said, "that your mince pie is indissolubly linked with your Christmas, for Christmas is the best day of all and mince pie is the best dish.

"But indigestible! I hear on all sides tales told about the indigestibility of mince pie. Nevertheless I keep on eating it, though the last tale I heard was very harrowing indeed.

"It was a tale about a dyspeptic bishop who spent Christmas week with a Chicago family. There was, of course, mince pie for the Christmas dinner, and at first the bishop, on account of his dyspepsia, refused to take any; but his hostess assured him that her mince pie was as digestible as stale bread, and so he succumbed.

"He succumbed. He ate a whole mince pie. And the next morning he was so ill that he could not conduct an early service for which he had pledged himself.

"The bishop was very ill indeed. He groaned and he tossed about the bed and the family brought him hot water bottles, mustard plasters, and all manner of remedies.

"But nothing seemed to do any good, and his host, when he gave vent to an unusually loud series of groans, hurried into the room and said somewhat sarcastically:

"'Why, bishop, you are not afraid to die, are you?'

"The bishop, thinking of his mince pie and his missed service, answered:

"'No. I'm not afraid to die, but I'm ashamed to.'"

* * *

A CERTAIN detective returned the other day from Western Pennsylvania, and he is profoundly impressed with the merits of that locality as a place of residence.

"Nothing like it for a man that's inclined to be a bit lowspirited," he says. "They don't take any chances with you there at all. Why, if you go into a store and ask for a bit of clothesline, the storekeeper will open a big book.

"'What do you want this rope for?' he asks.

"'The old woman needs it to hang the wash on.'

"'And what's your name?' the storekeeper asks.

"'Herman Wilhelm Pfeifer.'

"'G'wan,' said the storekeeper, closing the book. 'You can't get no rope here without a prescription.'"

* * *

A CITIZEN prominent in charity work recently said:

"The great danger of charity is its pauperizing effect. This effect must be avoided, or the recipients will become Jack Hanches.

"Jack Hanch, on the score of bad health, never worked, and the pastor of the Methodist church, a man whose heart sometimes outran his head, sent the idler and his family weekly gifts of food and clothing—supported the whole crew, in fact.

"A church visitor, after listening to Jack's complaints one day, said:

"'Yes, of course, you have had bad health, we know that; but one thing at least you ought to be thankful for, and that is our pastor's kindness in sending you all this bread and meat and jelly and blankets and so on. Don't you think it's good of him to look after you so well?'

"'Good of him?' said Jack, impatiently, 'Why, what's he for.'"

* * *

HUDSON MAXIM is contributing to the adventure Magazine a series of anecdotes treating of queer accidents in which high explosives figure. The stories are said to be true, but most of them read as though they had been compiled by a man on a fishing excursion. Some of them are extremely funny, owing to Mr. Maxim's brutally frank way of telling them.

One of his yarns is to the effect that a Russian officer, during the war with Japan, had a Chinese servant whom he treated cruelly. He never gave an order without throwing in a kick, and the Chinaman was getting tired of being kicked in the same place so often. So he confided his grievance to a Japanese spy with whom he had an acquaintance, and the Jap offered to provide him with a pad to upholster his trousers with. Then the officer could kick as much as he wanted to, without hurting him. The pad was provided by the accommodating Jap. It was an arrangement like a hot water bottle, filled with guncotton or some other explosive.

Shortly afterwards the officer gave an order to his servant, and emphasized it with the usual kick. When the officer recovered consciousness he was in a hospital, with one leg missing and several ribs stove in, and various other injuries. No trace of the Chinaman could be found, with the exception of a hole in the roof of the building where the event took place.

Strengthens The Throat

Mr. W. P. Pardom, writing from St. Anne's Bay P.O., says: "I used to be troubled with relaxed throat, constant irritation and coughing. I inhaled Catarrhozone as directed and have been permanently cured. I can think of nothing so good for the throat, nose and bronchial tube as Catarrhozone. I recommend it to all my friends." Cure is quick and sure if Catarrhozone is used for Bronchitis, Irritable Throat, Catarrh and Chest Troubles; 25c, 50c and $1.00 sizes, at all dealers.

NOTES CAN'T BE COUNTERFEITED

ABOUT 1819 a great outcry was raised against the Bank of England for not adopting a style of note that could not be imitated, and at the same time preventing the sacrifice of life which at that period was common, the punishment for forgery being death. The subject at last became so pressing that the government appointed commissioners to investigate the cause of the numerous forgeries, and whether a mode could be devised whereby the forging of banknotes might be prevented.

Previous to this investigation the directors of the bank had been endeavoring to remedy the evil, many plans having been submitted to them, all of which they were obliged to reject.

The bank placed before the commissioners 180 different projects that had been recommended for adoption and seventy varieties of paper made by way of experiment. The result of all this labor was the banknote of today.

The color of the paper is peculiar, and cannot be imitated exactly by counterfeiters, except at great expense. The combined thinness and strength of the paper are also unique. It is made in sheets large enough for two notes. Each note before it is sized weighs about eighteen grains, and then, if doubled, it is strong enough to suspend a weight of thirty-six pounds.

The texture of the paper is also peculiar. It has a crisp feel, invariably the same, and such that bank clerks of experience had readily detect forgeries by this test alone. Then the wire mark impressed in the making by a frame, costly to make and difficult to use, is practically inimitable.

Each note has thin, rough edges, uncut, not to be produced by any mode of cutting paper that is not devised expressly for the purpose. The paper for printing is damped with water in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. The ink used in the plate printing is made of Frankfort black, which is composed of the charcoals of the tendrils and husks of the German grape ground with linseed oil. This ink has a peculiar and very deep shade of black, common black inks being tinted either with blue or brown.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

A VALUABLE INVENTION

IN recent times the people of Scotland have not distinguished themselves in the field of invention. They have contributed nothing to the perfection of airships, telephones, or other useful things. This seemed strange, because a century or so ago the Scotch were identified with most of the great inventions and improvements in machinery and engineering.

However, says Walt Mason, in the Emporia Gazette, the grand old country has shaken off her apathy, as it were, and it remained for one of her citizens to invent a pipe that promises to revolutionize smoking. The trouble with briar and meerschaum pipes and other kinds is that they soon become as strong as Hackenschmidt, and a man who carries one attracts the attention of the health authorities. Nicotine accumulates in the bowl and stem, and the smoker poisons himself gradually, and finally dies in horrible agony, and is buried in the alley without the benefit of clergy.

Some Scotchman, whose name has not yet been given to the public, compounded some sort of material that makes the ideal pipe. It looks like clay, but it isn't clay. It is porous and absorbs the nicotine, and the pipe is always dry. The man who smokes it is always wondering where the juice goes to. He becomes so absorbed in speculations of this kind that he neglects his work and abuses his family, and finally is sent to the poorhouse because he has no visible means of support.

This remarkable pipe colors up like a meerschaum, and the more you smoke it the better it tastes. Thus smoking becomes a pleasure instead of a disagreeable duty. The country is full of men who smoke nearly all the time, in order to protect their families from deadly germs. They groan under the burden, but with Spartan heroism they keep on smoking, fearing that their loved ones would fall victims to glanders or appendicitis if they quit. Only those who have suffered and endured for the protection of others can understand the self-sacrifice of these noble men. However, this new Scotch pipe comes to them with healing in its wings, so to speak. Hereafter they can smoke all day long, and until bedtime in the evening, and find it a pastime rather than an ordeal.

The Horseman

DESPITE the intense cold which prevailed during the first few days of January throughout the Canadian Northwest, several interesting matinee events were pulled off. At Winnipeg the thermometer registered 36 below zero on New Year's day, but it was not considered too cold for the races on the Red and despite the temperature there was a good crowd in attendance and each event had four starters. At Brandon, however, the races were called off, for in addition to the low temperature there was a biting wind from the Northwest.

It was the first matinee of the year at Winnipeg and some close heats resulted. The programme was pulled off on a straight-away half mile track on the Red River in the north end of the city, and when the bell rang for the first race there were close upon 2,000 spectators lined up on the ice. Harry Alder was clerk of the course and he attended to these duties to perfection. Dick Roche, a former Grand Circuit driver, acted as starter, while the judges were D. J. McDonald and Dr. McGillivray. The following were the results:

A class trot, 2 in 3, half mile heats.

Cap Bryson	C. Hanbury	2	1	1
Cresceus	R. A. Stewart	1	2	2
Hattie Mills	J. Lyons	3	3	3
Colonel	S. Corrie	4	4	4

Time: 1.10, 1.09½, 1.10.

Free-For-All pace, 2 in 3, half-mile heats.

Ginger	Alex. Hassard	1	1
The Dude	D. J. McDonald	2	2
Prince Erie	W. Hanbury	3	3

Time: 1.02¾, 1.03¾.

B. class trot or pace, 2 in 3, half-mile heats.

Creighton Girl	Tom Bell	1	2	1
Togo	M. Johnston	2	1	2
Killarney	A. Hassard	3	3 dr.	
Hal Kelley	G. Kendall	4	5 dr.	

Time: 1.07½, 1:09, 1.08½.

A class pace, 2 in 3, half-mile heats.

Jacob H.	Alex. Hassard	1	1
Alvin L.	W. Garry	2	3
Deltic	F. Haight	3	2
Cyclone	Bun Foley	4	4

Time: 1.06½, 1.05¾.

It was decided to hold matinees every Saturday on the course as long as the condition of the ice allows and it is expected several fast steppers from Brandon, Portage la Prairie and other nearby towns will arrive in Winnipeg for some of the future meetings.

The Capital City Driving Club of Regina, Sask., held a matinee on the same day and some good racing resulted, so good in fact that the result of the B. class event was not decided until after four heats. The following were the results:

A class, trot or pace, 2 in 3, half-mile heats.

Coronation	D. J. McKay	1	1
Kandy Kid	S. Loverock	2	2

Time: 1.06½, 1.07.

B class, trot or pace, 2 in 3, half-mile heats.

Rustic Lass	C.Wilson	1	2	2	1
Le Blue	G. Lunney	2	3	1	2
Joker	A. Gross	3	1	3 dr.	

Time: 1.11¼, 1.10, 1.12½, 1.10¾.

C class, trot or pace, 2 in 3, half-mile heats.

Ted	A. Gilbert	2	1	1
Cecil Audubon	W. M. Williamson	1	2	2

Time: 1.14, 1.13¾, 1.15.

Queen's Ideal, a well known pacer owned by Art Suffron, of Brandon Man., has been shipped to Ottawa, Ont. to take part in the ice races there. She will be driven by William Hawkshaw.

It is anticipated that several horses from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and eastern British Columbia will travel round the Great Western Circuit this year, attracted by the purse money, said to be in the neighborhood of half a million dollars.

Word has been received from J. F. McGuire, of Denver, Colo., that he will again send a string to Western Canada this year, and Geo. Loomis of Minneapolis is said to have written to the same effect. The purses this year in Western Canada will be larger than ever and the invasion of American horses is therefore expected to be more noticeable than ever before.

Rev. Dr. J. Shearer, the Presbyterian divine who said that Winnipeg was the most immoral city on earth and was the result of a civic investigation in this city announces that he will pay attention to race track betting this year, as the practice is a disgrace to any civilized community. His threatened crusade is not taken seriously by horsemen.

Another little circuit is being formed in Saskatchewan. So far Hanley, Davidson, Craik, Duck Lake and Rosthern have agreed to hold meetings. The circuit starts with a meeting at Saskatoon on May 24.

The Futurity entries for 1913 have been announced by the speed committee of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association and are not as numerous as was expected. Sixteen runners are entered for the running event, which has a guaranteed purse of $1,000. For the harness event, with a guaranteed purse of $1,500, there are thirty-three entries, which are as follows:

1—Bay horse by Zoalto, dam Alta Hamlin, entered by Edward Baldwin, Killarney, Man.

2—Bay horse by Woodford Wilkes, dam Missie, entered by T. E. Battell, Moose Jaw, Sask.

3—Sorrel mare by Governor Ramsey, dam Goldie Cole, entered by W. J. Coleman, Killarney, Man.

4—Black horse by Zoalla, dam Pearl McKinney entered by W. J. Cowan, Killarney, Man.

5—Bay mare by Sam Medium, dam Anna Sprague, entered by Richard Cowan, Picton, Ont.

6—Bay horse by Foxy Ash, dam Bay Bell, entered by A. Fletcher, Boissevain, Man.

7—Bay mare by Sam Medium, dam Marquesa, entered by Healy & Herrington, Picton, Ont.

8—Black horse by Egthorne, dam Kitty, entered by Glennie & Lewis, Gilbert Plains, Man.

9—Bay mare by Sam Medium, dam Frankie, entered by Healy & Herrington, Picton, Ont.

10—Bay horse by Mark Onward, dam Kitty Brown, entered by Dr. W. J. Hinman, Winnipeg, Man.

11—Bay horse by Joe Direct, dam Nellie, entered by R. Holt, Landrose, Sask.

13—Bay horse by Fred Meade, dam Alma Little, entered by W. O. Jones, Saskatoon, Sask.

13—Bay mare by Will Mayburn, dam Jessie Welbeck, entered by Dr. Chas. Little, V. S. Winnipeg, Man.

14—Chestnut horse by General Cuyler, dam Maggie Amy Eddy, entered by T. G. Lyons & Son, Broadview, Sask.

15—Chestnut mare by General Cuyler, dam Maggie Beami, entered by T. G. Lyons & Son, Broadview, Sask.

16—Bay horse by The Friar, dam Rose Gentry, entered by Ralph Mather, Deerbrook, Ont.

18—Bay horse by Dr. John, dam Do-Lillian Mombars, entered by Ralph Mather, Deerbrook, Ont.

18—Bay horse by Dr. John, dam Dominion Bell, entered by Ralph Mather Deerbrook, Ont.

19—Bay horse by Zombest, dam Lady S., entered by Harvey Matheson, High River, Ont.

20—Black mare by Gem Allerton, dam Texas May, entered by Chas. May, Edmonton, Alta.

21—Brown horse by Afrito C., dam Gypsey R., entered by J. H. McGrath, Elmwood, Man.

22—Chestnut horse by Al Audubon, dam Cascade, entered by J. H. McNulty, Strathcona, Alta.

23—Bay horse by Leland Onward, dam Alberta, entered by J. B. Miller, Strathcona, Alta.

24—Bay horse by Billy H., dam Tootsie, entered by John Moyse, Winnipeg, Man.

25—Bay horse by Mark Onward, dam Miss Greenwood, entered by J. R. Sutherland, Calgary, Alta.

26—Bay horse by Leland Onward, dam Marjorie, entered by J. R. Sutherland, Calgary, Alta.

27—Bay mare by Mark Onward, dam Nancy Starr, entered by David C Thompson, Fort Francis, Ont.

28—Brown mare by Pilot the Great, dam Senorita, entered by E. H. White, Battleford, Sask.

29—Bay mare by Pilot the Great dam Verona, entered by E. H. White Battleford, Sask.

30—Chestnut mare by Pilot the Great dam Minnie R., entered by E. H. White Battleford, Sask.

31—Bay mare by Pilot the Great dam Miss Ladd, entered by E. H. White Battleford, Sask.

32—Brown horse by Dan Allerton dam Conscription, entered by Chas Wilson, Regina, Sask.

33—Black mare by Dan Allerton, dam Ribbon, entered by Chas. Wilson, Regina, Sask.

Although both these futurities are open to horses, born in the Dakotas, Montana, Minnesota and Iowa, there was not a single entry from south of the boundary, but efforts will be made to get some for the next list, which closes in December of this year.

An ice matinee was scheduled for Regina for New Year's day, but the thermometer being 47 below zero it was decided to postpone it for a week.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. • • • 25 cents

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs • • • 25 cents

RHEUMATISM
13 MONTHS' SUFFERING CURED

Dear Sir:
"I wish you to put my letter on record for the sake of suffering humanity. I have suffered 18 months with Muscular Rheumatism in my back. I have spent at least $20.000 on pills and liniments during that time, but nothing would ease me of the pain—in fact, it was a chronic pain. For those long 18 months it stayed right with me, sometimes convulsive and cramp-like, causing me to groan and cry aloud. Every moment was torture. I could not turn in bed without yelling out. Now I will always bless the day when I first started to rub in, and to take internally 'Nerviline.' After using four bottles, my pains have left me. I shall always take off my hat to 'Nerviline' and can honestly say it's the poor man's best friend, because it will always drive away from you the Demon—Pain.
"Yours truthfully,
"Paris, Ont. "Thomas Goss."
Use only Nerviline. Sold in 25c and 50c bottles the world over.

It Will Cure a Cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

There's Flavor in
"CANAWELLA"
TEA

HOOSIER PRESS DRILLS

Plant at an even depth
Conserve the moisture in the soil
Insure a good crop

HOOSIER PRESS DRILLS conserve the moisture in the soil, because they pack the earth over the seed when it is sown. This is why the Northwest farmers are more certain of a good crop. The Hoosier gets the seed in the ground at an even depth and covers it. The Hoosier is Light Draft, has a positive force feed, never skips, never chokes. Has the greatest possible strength and will stand up under the severest strains. Absolutely guaranteed. Send for catalogue, and go to your local dealer and insist on seeing the Hoosier.

The American Seeding-Machine Co., Inc.
King and James Sts., Winnipeg, Man.

MOTORING NOTES

MAKING strides of a gigantic nature, the motor car, since the first show in Madison Square Garden, New York, eleven years ago, has traveled from a place where it was the toy of the rich and a vehicle for pleasure only to its present position in our industrial life, where it can truthfully be called a tool of civilization. Instead of motoring being considered a fad, it now is a necessity, like any other means of transportation, and its position as a time-saver answers fully any question as to its future.

It has performed in most loyal fashion ever since it came into general use, and certainly no other invention of which we have record has travelled the pace which marks the advance of the motor car during the past ten or eleven years. To appreciate the progress which has brought the gasoline-fed vehicle to its present high position, one has but to consider the short time since motor cars were considered experiments and curiosities, for such was their status when the first show was held in Madison Square Garden eleven years ago.

Each year has been progress of an extraordinary sort, until we have the perfect car of today, the very latest models of which are shown in the big show. With almost 400,000 machines in use in this country, and the number fast increasing, the statement that the motor car is now the tool of civilization admits of little argument. The so-called pleasure car, or passenger-carrying vehicle, is to a large degree an absolute necessity to a great number of the American people, not one of whom would think of giving up his car any more than he would consider dispensing with his telephone after its advantages were appreciated. In addition there are thousands of new owners entering the field every month.

Cars are now so generally used, and the conveniences and time-saving qualities so strongly in evidence in our everyday life, that machines are not alone taking the place of the horse, but are opening up new fields in our lives that would be undreamed of under ordinary conditions. As a health-giver, and as an educational factor, the motor is far more important than as a mere vehicle for pleasure driving. Every family can find almost continuous use for the modern motor vehicle. The head of the house can use it going to and from business; for making business calls; entertaining customers and business associates, and for touring. The use of the car gives him a greater knowledge of the country, while the mental and physical exercise of driving makes for better digestion and better health. The ownership of a car certainly adds prestige. A man's wife and daughters may use the car for social calls, entertaining and for open-air driving.

On behalf of the sons, it must be admitted that caring for and understanding a great piece of machinery like the motor car has an educational value, while the mental and physical faculties in man are developed by driving. The fresh air recreation cannot but improve his health, and using the car gives the sons more time with the other members of the family, and therefore brings him under the best influence.

As a willing slave for all work, the motor vehicle is now entering that broad commercial field involving the transportation of freight, and the quicker and more economical distribution of merchandise, which foretells the emancipation of the horse, and will tend to bring close to hand the time when that noble animal will become the pet of mankind instead of the slave of a cruel business life. It would be absurd to say that the horse will be relegated quickly, for with 31,000,000 horses in the country, and some 7,000,000 horse-drawn vehicles, the displacement proposition will be of a steady but not abnormal growth. Nevertheless, the ultimate outcome must see traffic, especially in our large cities, where it is of a congested nature, given over entirely to power-driven machines. It is not too optimistic to say that ten years from now a horse on the streets of New York will be as rare as a motor vehicle was ten years ago.

Trade conditions now are like those of any other industry. In the best known ninety factories or so which now produce almost all the cars sold, there are ample facilities for making sufficient machines to care for the normal demand.

At the exhibition at Madison Square Garden there will be offered a variety of cars and equipment undreamed of a few years ago. It will show everything that an exacting public needs, and while big productions have trimmed down the costs a little, it is offset in many cases by the higher prices of material and increased wages. There will be no general lowering of prices, although with added equipment more style and better material the motor cars at the 1911 prices offer a great deal more for the money than ever before.

With an industry producing a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of cars a year, employing about 238,000 men, involving ninety different trades, and having a product sold by some 8,500 dealers owning or renting the finest kind of salesrooms and garages, the whole organization supplying the wants of the people, which desires to move fast and in comfort and to distribute its merchandise quickly, the motor car may be truly said to have taken its place as a tool of civilization, supplying a need so completely that it is now a part of our life.

* * *

New uses for the motor car are being constantly devised. The Review of Reviews for January, for example, has illustrations of the farmer using it to saw wood, haul grain, deliver milk, and transporting pressed hay. The Commercial Vehicle says many inventors have been attracted to its use for street-cleaning purposes. The writer believes "there is a tremendous market for a thoroughly practical and reliable machine." Inasmuch as the areas of cities are constantly increasing, and the difficulties of keeping streets clean multiply, this market is a growing one. One of the newest devices has been described as follows:

"Although the motor-driven machine is a novelty, the builders are not inexperienced in the construction of street-cleaning apparatus, as they have been engaged for several years in building horse-drawn machines. Very thorough tests of the motor-driven machine have been made, and it has worked satisfactorily at speeds up to 4½ miles an hour, as against 2½ miles an hour for the horse-drawn type; using three horses. One man, seated in front as shown, drives and operates the motor-driven machine; it is rear-driven and front-steered. Three round trips will clean the entire width of the average paved street; the usual practise is to sweep to within a few inches of the curb on both sides of the street. The dirt which accumulates in the gutter is removed by hand labor. A given section of street is cleaned by the machine and the sweepings are deposited in two piles on opposite sides of the street in the centre of the section from whence they can be carted away to the dump. The quantity of water used is regulated to keep down the dust, and as the rotary broom is hooded, dirt is not distributed from one place to another. The builders are so thoroughly convinced of the practicability of their motor-driven machine that they are ready to guarantee a reduction of 25 per cent. in street-cleaning costs where their method is used.

"The motive power is furnished by a double-opposed gas motor and planetary gearset. The drive to the rear wheels and also to the rotary broom is by chain."

* * *

Sidney West declares, in Motor Print, that "there is no good reason why a man should not purchase a slightly used or second-hand car." Moreover, "at the present time there are exceptional opportunities to purchase high-grade cars at ridiculously low prices." The chief reason for this is that business men, who have felt the financial stringency, are "sacrificing cars that are practically new."

Mr. West gives several hints as to the care one should exercise in the purchase of a second-hand car. One should not "snap at the first offered bargain," but should look about and go over cars carefully, or have some one else, better trained in mechanics, go over them. A general glance may often tell whether a car has been carefully used or recklessly abused. It will be found generally that the condition of the transmission gear is typical of the condition of the gear. If teeth are badly worn and bearings loose, a serious fault exists and replacing will be necessary. The steering-gear should be especially examined to see that the post has not become loose, a condition which usually indicates that the car has been driven rapidly over bad roads. The state of the brakes will also afford an excellent indication of the general condition of the car. So, also, of the springs. As to the engine, it should run smoothly and quietly; this will be a good indication of the general condition of the car, but if it runs badly, the defect may be vital.

A buyer usually should expect to spend something in putting a second-hand car in good order. He buys at a bargain price, which leaves margin for something in this line. An estimate, however, should be obtained in advance as to how much in the way of repairs will be needed. The best place at which to buy a second-hand car is at the maker's, rather than at the shop of a dealer who handles cars of different kinds. The maker knows his car, desires to maintain its good name, and in general can better make repairs than any one else. The maker may guarantee a car, even though it be second-hand. A second-hand car in bad condition will hardly be offered by him.

* * *

Manufacturers who have waged what is called by Motor Age "a special campaign in farming communities," have arrived at certain conclusions in regard to the kind of car most farmers desire to obtain. The majority "prefer a touring-car to a runabout," while by many it is specified that the touring-car shall have a demountable tonneau. Families of three or four persons are common on farms, and whenever the farmer desires to visit a neighboring town or go to church or meet other engagements away from home, he rarely has with him only one or two persons, but more generally four or five, including himself. Runabouts, therefore, are not attractive to most farmers.

Touring cars with detachable tonneaus should be convertible into business wagons. There is demand for a combination car in which pleasure and business may be united. After a farmer has once used a motor car for pleasure trips he will no longer be satisfied with a mere road wagon in which to transport to market a load of dairy produce and vegetables. It is perfectly feasible for a manufacturer to construct a car, in which, for the tonneau, can be substituted a light carrying platform or an express body, either of which could be sold to the farmer at a small additional sum. When a farmer can add to the pleasure he obtains from the use of his car for his family the pleasure he may derive from it for business, "his possibilities of buying are vastly increased." His sense of economy in his own business is then appealed to, as well as his desire to give pleasure to his family.

The prediction is made that, within a short period, "many farm duties will be accomplished by the motor car." In the past farmers, through their own ingenuity, have often developed this field in striking both ways. It is a large field, and the ingenuity of farmers and manufacturers combined will soon be able to meet its many requirements. In these columns record has already been made of some of the uses to which motors have been put by farmers, such as sawing wood, ploughing, etc. Motor Age mentions a farmer who has added to his car "a crate so that live stock, such as sheep, swine and calves can be transported on his car," while another has utilized the "car as a source of power for sawing logs and grinding grain."

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents

THOMPSON'S VISITOR

By Perley Poore Sheehan

THERE was no particular reason for it, perhaps, but the moment that Thompson entered the gate that evening he felt such a sense of fear that he stopped breathless.

He had lived all alone in the outskirts of the village. The house was a small one, built but the year before. The garden surrounding it was also small—small and infinitely neat, bespeaking the middle-aged bachelor who loves flowers. The street in front was little more than a grass-grown lane. The nearest neighbor was a hundred yards away, and all around the sides and rear was a pressing jungle of jimson, sunflower, and golden-rod.

Thompson stared at this jungle now, first to the right and then to the left, while he was conscious of his beating heart. He hadn't left the office safe open. He had carried the cash to the bank. He had written all the letters his employer had dictated.

His eyes focussed on the house—the fruit of his economies. He knew it intimately—each board and scantling and lath. He had seen it grow. For him, surely, as he stood there in the twilight, the conviction grew that it was here he would have to seek the cause of his odd, unspeakable dread.

Every house at the close of day becomes a thing of mystery. In one sense every house, at that weird hour which is neither day nor night, is haunted. It is like the human brain that has fallen into a state of reverie. The objective world ceases to exist and the real world is composed of sights and sounds purely spiritual—a world that is haunted. And a house at twilight, wherein the symptoms of earthly sound and light are absent, assumes this same dream-like character—its sights and its sounds are ghostly.

More than once had Thompson, on his return home in the evening, suspected some invisible presence. But apart from a cursory glance here and there while he watered his flowers he had given the suspicion scarcely a thought.

It is more than likely that Thompson thought but vaguely of these things, if at all, in the presetn instance, for scarcely had he let fall the latch of the gate behind him and taken a step or two forward on the brick path than he was conscious of someone seated on the sill of his front door. Nor was that all. For, drawing nearer, he was stupefied to discover that the intruder was a young girl, dark and comely, whose face was strangely familiar.

She smiled slightly, as he slowly approached, took a step forward with hand extended, and remarked pleasantly how glad she was that he had come.

Now, Thompson's life had always been a lonely one. Apart from the people whom he had seen that day in the routine of mill and village, he had scarcely an acquaintance. He had no known relations, no intimate friends. His gallantries were limited to an occasional grave lifting of his hat. Yet, in the presence of this girl, his terror slipped from him as readily as though he had been the original Don Juan.

He never could quite recall whether she preceded him or followed him into the house, or how he entertained her while he was lighting the kitchen fire and getting the tea-things ready; he had a souvenir, however, of correctness and perfect aplomb.

Presently they were seated side by side at the table, she serving him while he watched her in a state bordering on gentle intoxication.

"And to think," he remarked, "that I cannot even recall your name!"

Her smile was ineffable.

"Then give me," she said, "what name you will—the prettiest name you can think of. No one here in the village knows me. None here has ever seen me except you. I've been so busy watching you building your house, and planting your roses, and"—she blushed ever so slightly—"saying your prayers, that I've had no time to go elsewhere, nor any desire."

Thompson marvelled.

"Where do you live?" he asked. "You must leave me by-and-bye——"

He was touched again with a whiff of that dread he had experienced at the gate.

"Leave you, my dear Mr. Thompson? Leave you?" And she leaned toward him with a look of strange intentness on her face. "I shall never leave you. You brought me here. You created me. You are my all. Your house is my house; your roses, my roses. Your very dreams are mine to help you fulfil."

Whereupon she leaned still further forward, and, before Thompson could correctly divine her purpose, she kissed him on the forehead—as he had a dim recollection of someone else having done once upon a time, many years ago.

"Which goes to show," said a strong masculine voice, "that no one can exist without some woman's love and attention."

Thompson turned over and opened his eyes. It was old Doctor Harper talking to Widow Belair, the village nurse. Thompson was feeling very weak, but he went to the trouble of laughing at the doctor's expense.

Whereupon the good old man started and exclaimed:

"Now, how's that for a typhoid case!"

AMERICA'S OLDEST GOLF-LINKS

THE belief that the St. Andrews Golf Club, New York, had the first real links in the United States does not accord with the recollections of Major Charles C. Ballou, 7th U.S. Infantry, who can recall playing golf over a good course in Texas nearly a quarter of a century ago. Major Ballou is a graduate of West Point. On leaving the Military Academy, in 1886, he was assigned to the 16th Infantry, then stationed at San Antonio, Texas. General David S. Stanley of heroic memory commanded the department, and Colonel Elmer Otis, 8th U.S. Cavalry, was in charge of the post. There Lieutenant Ballou met a stout old Scotchman known to local fame as "Mr. Macdonough of Macdonough Park." The hale old gentleman loved none of the sports of the day, such as baseball, tennis, etc., but dwelt lovingly on the charms of the royal and ancient game of golf, pronouncing it "gowf" with a rich deep Scotch accent that fitted admirably into his enthusiasm.

The Scotch veteran had a fine and easy style with his driver and brassie, and he was delighted when Lieutenant Ballou began to swing the clubs in the backyard with the grace of a player of the Land o' Cakes. Thus, finding that he would not be alone, Mr. Macdonough enlisted the lieutenant in laying out a course of nine holes, and there the two played, indifferent to the fact that they were the laughing stock of the post and such city visitors and tourists as chanced to see them. Golf being virtually unknown in this country, kits could be obtained only from abroad; hence it was not easy to get recruits for the game.

Many are living to-day who smiled pityingly at those San Antonio golfers, and doubtless many of them have fallen victims long ago to the fascination of the game which they ridiculed in Texas. The shifting of his regiment and the varying duties to which an officer's life is subject have prevented Major Ballou from playing as much as he has wished since his Texas novitiate.

Speaking in Washington recently and endearingly of his San Antonio debut in golf in 1886, Major Ballou said:

"It seems that I can fairly claim to be the oldest golf-player in the United States in point of years of playing, and I am still surer that I am the poorest"—a modest depreciation of his ability which indicates true golfing merit.

That Major Ballou's claim to playing over the first links in the United States has a safe margin to rest on is shown by the fact that it was not until half a decade later that something like golf was played near Mount Vernon, New York, on what was called the "Apple Tree" course, but that was a very primitive links with tin cans for cups, and in no degree comparable with the Scotch finish and tone that one would associate with a course laid out by Macdonough of Macdonough Park. The tradition of golf-playing at Savannah, Georgia, as far back as 1814, does not really overshadow Major Ballou's fame, for, since his first playing, the game has developed in America with great rapidity, while such golf as is embraced in the vague chronicles of 1814 was only sporadic at the best, and had no chronological connection with the sport of to-day.

If one be troubled with corns and warts, he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

HUSTLING FOR WOOL

DURING the last two or three months more than a score of big freight steamers left New York bound for Australia, loaded to their fullest capacity with all sorts of American machinery and merchandise.

From English and European ports other scores of these deep-sea tramps set sail also, every one of them with its hold crammed full of goods for the Australian market. All these are now riding at anchor at Melbourne, Sydney, or Freemantle. This great fleet gathers there from our side of the earth but once a year, and its arrival is timed to coincide with the harvesting of the great crop of the Antipodes—wool.

In November and December the vast sheep ranges of Australia are among the busiest places on earth. Sheep are sheared night and day, and the wool rushed by cart and train to the seaports. There it is converted into cash and exchanged for the merchandise that is manfactured in America and Europe. This sort of commerce runs into many millions during two or three months. Men and their families from the lonely sheep-runs of the interior seek the coast cities for a fortnight or so of business and pleasure. Then they go back for another year's semi-solitude and work.

The great market for all these huge cargoes of wool in London. On the nineteenth of each month for three successive months there is the biggest of big days on the wool exchange. The most important of these wool sales is on February 19th. The rule is that if a vessel is sighted off the coast of England before nine in the morning of the 19th of that month her cargo may be entered for that day's sale. Therefore, there is much jockeying among the ship's captains who for two months have been logging their eight knots an hour on the long landless road from the other side of the world. Some have private instructions from the owners of their cargoes to hurry and get the wool on the market at any cost. Handsome bonuses are offered for success, and there is much skill displayed in making up time lost by storms or adverse seas.

Other speculators are as eager, perhaps, to have their cargoes delayed, and these, too, have reached the captain's ear by cable through their Australian agents. The result is that by the time the February 19th wool sale opens in London the market is likely to take a sudden jump upward or have an equally sharp decline, dependent on the amount of wool that is in sight for immediate delivery and the demand from the spinners. As a consequence, there are a few hours of frantic trading in which fortunes are won or lost.

THE HUSBANDETTE

OUT of a suffragette meeting comes the word "husbandette," designating a married man who is inferior to his wife in mental attainments. He is described as a creature of puny mentality, with the moral backbone of a jellyush. He has no will power and wabbles through life, hopelessly common, tragically inadequate.

He may be very useful as a decoration for social functions, to pay bills, and do other little things like that, but as a factor in the evolution toward the higher life, the "husbandette" is a joke. He is an intellectual toad, significant only as an indicator of what must be avoided by woman as she prances forward to the fulfillment of her mission.

For the woman who marries such a man there are three avenues of escape more or less effective. She may try to bring him up to her level, which is, of course, impossible. She may divorce him, which may be inconvenient. And she may endure him. If she endures him how can she avoid letting the poor thing see that gradually she is drawing away from him, that she is entering another sphere, far beyond his reach?

She cannot. There is no need of trying to dodge the issue. The "husbandette" is doomed to suffer. Terrified and utterly helpless, he's sunken to the neck in the sand while the tide rolls over and over him.

The young woman who is responsible for the new term and who has vividly described the species itself is, however, not without sympathy. She isn't married yet, and that may account for it. She points the way to the regeneration of the "husbandette," and says hope of his salvation is in direct proportion to the celerity with which he embraces woman suffrage.

There is the real elixir of life. Let him take a dose of "votes for women" and the "ette" will fall from that appellation like fluff from a thistle. Get wise, oh, young man; bolster up your fallen knighthood and mount a soap box!

TRANSPARENT METALS

FOR many years it has been known that thin sheets of gold and silver, mounted on glass, may be made transparent by heat. Within recent years study has been undertaken of the conditions under which transparency may be produced.

A sheet of gold one three-hundred-thousandth of an inch thick becomes transparent when heated to 550 deg. centigrade. The transparency is ascribed to the gold aggregating and allowing white light to pass through the interstices.

With silver one one-hundred-and-twenty-thousandths of an inch thick no transparency is produced so long as the atmosphere is a "reducing" one—such as hydrogen or coal gas. But in the air the transparency begins at 240 deg., and is remarkably complete at 390 deg.

Copper one seventy-five-thousandth of an inch thick does not become transparent in a reducing atmosphere, but in air it is transparent between about 200 and 400 deg. At the lower temperature the light is a brilliant green, but as the temperature rises oxidation takes place, and the color changes through olive and dark red to black.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

IT is not generally known that if a lemon is warmed before squeezing nearly double the quantity of juice will be obtained.

To prevent a patient being disturbed or awakened when asleep, have a few paper bags made by hand filled with coal. Replenish fire when required.

When your hot-water bottles leak do not throw them away, but fill them with hot sand. Make the sand hot in the oven and pour into the bottle; it will keep hot much longer than water.

Mutton dripping will not set hard and suety, as it usually does, if, directly the fat is poured from the baking tin, the vessel containing it is put at the back of the stove and allowed to stay there until the stove itself cools.

To remove grease from a kitchen table, scrub well with hot water to which half a teaspoonful of whiting has been added; wipe, and then dry thoroughly with a clean cloth. This will make the table look equal to new.

Immediately pudding cloths have been used, scald them, wash them thoroughly, using soda but no soap, and hang them up to dry. A great deal of trouble is saved in this way, for if left till cold it is most difficult to wash them. Let them air well before they are put away, or they will have a nasty odor when next used.

SHE REMINDED THE JUDGE

JUDGE HANGAR was spending a sunny autumn week at Atlantic City, says the Washington Star, and every morning on one of the piers he used to see a young lady whose face looked most familiar.

The judge prided himself on his memory for names and faces, and yet somehow this young lady escaped him. But he was sure he knew her, and one morning, though she always studiously avoided his eye, he stopped and addressed her with courtly politeness.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, "your features are familiar, but, strangely enough, I cannot recall the circumstances under which we met. Yet I certainly remember our having met somewhere."

"Remember," cried the young lady, and she rose from among her friends with angry and aggressive air. "Remember, you old scalawag! Well, you ought to remember. It's not a year since you gave me eight months in the Common Pleas, and for two cents I'd pitch you over the railing into the water."

BERLIN POLICEMAN UP FOR LESE MAJESTE

POLICEMAN SCHULTZ is up for lese majeste, and will be sent to jail unless the Kaiser interferes, and he never does in cases like this.

It appears that Berliners, when speaking familiarly of William, call him "Lehman," which is a very common name in Germany.

Now it happened the other day that the Emperor rode at the head of a regiment Unter den Linden, where a large crowd had assembled to see him. As he passed by, Policeman Schultz heard a citizen say to another:

"Did you hear about Lehman's latest gab?"

Schultz at once put a heavy hand on the citizen's shoulder and said in a voice of thunder:

"In the name of the Emperor I arrest you for lese majeste."

"For lese majeste?" demanded the citizen, "where and when, please?"

"You just referred to his Majesty the Kaiser."

"Never mentioned him."

"I know better, you spoke of Lehman's gab."

"Oh, I meant Lehman, the grocer."

"What?" inquired Policeman Schultz "does he gab, too?"

Now, Schultz is up for lese majeste for the citizen turned the tables on him and swore that his patriotic feelings were sadly outraged by the policeman's words.

TALE OF A TARADIDDLE

SIR WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY the world-famed Alpinist, has recently confessed to a remarkable piece of deception in which he unblushingly took part.

Some years ago he was invited to a North of England city to take part in the opening ceremony of the annual art exhibition. Being under the impression that he was only needed as a guest to "dress" the ceremony, as it were, Sir Martin journeyed north with an easy mind.

But, on reaching the gallery, he was dismayed to find himself conducted to the chair of honor, facing a large and distinguished audience. A whisper from the mayor was sufficient to let him know that he was the principal guest, and that he had quite underrated the importance of the engagement.

"How long do they expect me to speak?" he asked the mayor in a troubled whisper.

"Only an hour, Sir Martin," answered the mayor reassuringly.

The intrepid mountaineer literally trembled as he looked upon the critical gathering waiting in expectancy of an hour's learned discourse. It was useless to try and extemporise before such a company, so, instead, he temporized and taradiddled.

He explained that at another meeting he had addressed earlier in the day the manuscript of the scholarly address he had intended to deliver had been stolen from his pocket, and that he was, therefore, practically "speechless." A murmur of sympathy rose from the disappointed audience, and the convincing excuse served Sir Martin's needs. But discomfiture followed later.

When he left the building he discovered in the evening paper he purchased a paragraph headed "Remarkable Theft of a Professor's Speech." Next day the paragraph was copied into the London papers, and from one newspaper to another that pathetic little "fib" was copied until it reached the uttermost ends of the earth. Every day brought Sir Martin a batch of cuttings, and every post brought him a bundle of letters of sympathy—some coming from places so far afield as San Francisco and Auckland, New Zealand—much to the despair of the conscience-stricken orator. It may be that the unfortunate paragraph, like a reportorial Vanderdecken, "The Flying Dutchman," is still on its weary rounds. If so, Sir Martin Conway's confession should do much to lay the ghost if it ever catches up with it.

KING GEORGE WEIGHS 160

THOUGH it is often asserted that King George resembles the Czar like a brother, these royal gentlemen widely differ in the matter of weight. King George closely adheres to 160 pounds, while the Czar weighs only between 102 and 103 pounds.

The late King Edward weighed 208 pounds. The weight of the German Emperor varies between 156 and 162 pounds, when dressed. Part of the difference is probably due to the uniforms his Majesty wears.

The weightiest monarch of Europe at this hour is the King of Bulgaria, who weighs 179 pounds.

Emperor Francis Joseph weighs 153 pounds.

The weightiest Queen of Europe is the Vueen of Roumania, who tips the scales at 157 pounds.

WOOL OR COTTON

YOU have occasion in your household work time and again to determine whether a given fabric is of linen or cotton or of wool or silk. *The former, for instance, can be boiled with soap or washing powder, the latter not.* Woollen goods, in fact, should not be washed with cotton and linen if the water be above a certain temperature. Then there is the question of dyeing. Many dyers distinguish between the two varieties. You will find use, therefore, for the following tests:

Vegetable fibres burn; animal fibres merely singe. With this to start on, ravel a few threads of the fabric and apply a flame to them. Cotton or linen burns freely without an odor. Wool singes with very little flame, and gives out a disagreeable odor like that of burning horn or hair. Silk has a similar odor and burns less freely than cotton. Mercerized fabrics burn like cotton, not like silk.

If you are still not sure, put into a dish five teaspoonfuls of commercial powdered lye, pour on it one cup of cold water and bring it to a boil, stirring till dissolved. Place a sample of your fabric in this solution, boil for five minutes more and strain through a fine wire sieve. If any fibres or threads are found in the sieve, they are cotton or linen. If none are found the material is silk or wool.

Fishing for compliments seldom lands a husband.

The world is made up of equal parts of people who have money and don't know how to enjoy it and people who haven't any and do.

It is one of the mysteries of life how two men can make a bargain, and both get the worst of it.

STILL ANOTHER POSTMASTER TELLS

WHY HE PINS HIS FAITH TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Doctors Failed to Cure His Bright's Disease, but He Found Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy

Clam Point, Shelburne Co., N.S.—(Special)—Joshua Nickerson, postmaster here, is among the many in this neighborhood who tell of pains relieved and disease banished by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I am sixty-two years old," says the postmaster, "And I'll tell you why I think so highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Owing to a bad cold my Kidneys commenced to bother me, and the trouble developed into Backache, stiffness of the joints, and finally Bright's Disease.

"I was treated by a doctor, but that did not help me much, and it was six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills that brought me relief."

Everywhere you go in Canada people tell you of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and everyone who tells you can give the reason why. That reason simply is that there is no case of Kidney Disease Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure. These people have tried them and proved this true. Backache, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes, Lumbago, Heart Disease and Bright's Disease are some of the more serious troubles that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure, simply because these are all either Kidney diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys.

Knight Academy —Notes.—

Instructor Baker will spend Easter holidays with her husband in Calgary.

Preparation for the closing week exercises are going on apace.

Instructor Woolf intends spending Easter holidays in Cardston.

The Northern Lights staff is preparing an extra-special number this month, an Easter number. It will appear if possible, during the holidays.

The Academy will observe the Easter holidays. Students enjov yourselves and return refreshed in mind, determined to stay the year out and pass the necessary examinations.

With the approach of spring the basket ball season is practically at an end, so very likely we wsll not be able to play off the tie with Taber.

Base ball germs are in the air and contagion is unavoidable. The Academy may not be able to organize, this spring, owing to"so many of the boys having left school

Owing to so many students having left us, the Auditorium has been abandoned and chapel is held in Director Ursenback's room.

A very valuable set of books of twenty volumes was presented to the library last week. On the fly-leaf appeared the following imprint. This National System of Reference. The Americana, published under the editorial supervision of the Scientific American Compiling Department is presented to the Taylor Academy by James E. Ellison and Raymond Knight. With the books also came a neat little oak stand, or book case. Very many thanks!

Additional Locals.

Raymond is supposed to be a "dry" town but Wednesday night several townsmen and a council' man were seen, with a bottle, in broad day-light.

A meeting of the Members of, the Raymond Military Band, will be held at the Knight Academy, tomorrow night. All members are requested to be present, as some very important business is expected to be transacted.

Elders Jessie Scovil and Edwln Fulmer, will leave shortly for Salt Lake City, Utah, where they will be set apart for missions.

CARD OF THANKS

The Stake Primary officers wish to thank the Magrath Dramatic Co., for their liberal donation towards the Academy Piano, and hope that when they come again shey will have a better house to greet them.

On Tuesday night last, the members of the Teachers quor'm gave Jessie Scovil a farewell party. Owing to the inclement weather there was not a very large crowd present, but those who were present had a very enjoyable time.

A Concert will be given by the Stake Primary Association, at the Opera House on Monday evening April 17 th, the following program will be given, followed by a dance.

Easter Drill; Solo, M. Y. Cannon; Character Song, Albert Powell; solo, Mrs. Snow; selection Junior Orchestra; solo, Winona Ursenbach; Comic Song, J. H. Smith; Violin solo, Uriel O'Brien; Flag Drill; Cornet solo, W. S. Berryessa; solo Jas. Walker; Guitar Solo, O. F. Ursenbach; solo, with Violin Obligato Blanche Collett; Comic Recitation, B. S. Young; solo, Mrs. Arthur Nilsson; Comic Quartette; solo, Mrs. Brewerton; after which, the Farce entitled "the Quiet Family" will be played.

The Concert will comnence promptly at 8 o'clock in order to get through with the program in time for the dance. Admission to the concert will be 25 cents for adults and 20 cents for children. Dance tickets will be 50 cents.

Professional Cards.

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CHURCH SERVICES

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints

Sunday Services:
Sunday School at 10 a.m.
Afternoon Service at 2 p.m.
Evening Service at 7 p.m
All are welcome
John F. Anderson, Bishop

Presbyterian Church

Sunday Services:
Raymond 7:30 p.m.
Sunday School 3 p.m.
All are welcome to these services.
Wm. Shearer, Pastor.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies, Province of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and addressed to the undersigned" will be recieved up to noon on Tuesday May 2nd, 1911.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantity required, may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police posts in the North west, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be recieved unless made on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not neccesarily accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by accepted Canadian bank cheque or draft for an amount equal to five per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the contract be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority first having been obtained.

Fred White.
Controller R. N. W. M Police
Ottawa, April 1, 1191.

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